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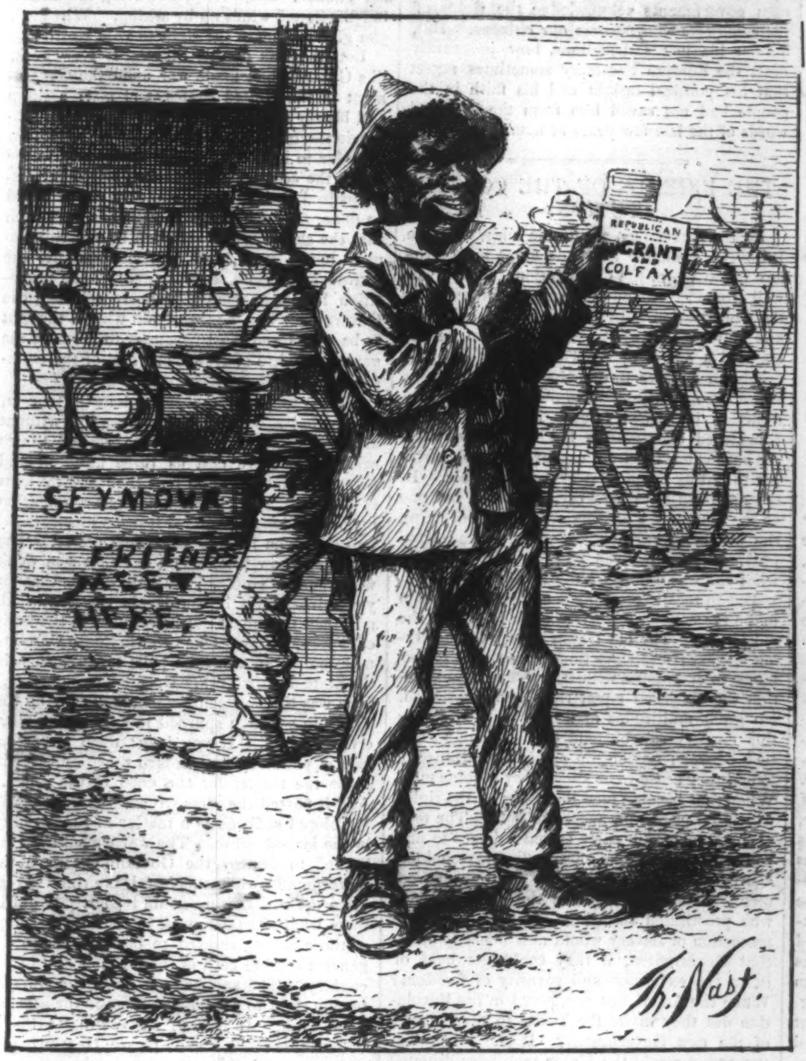
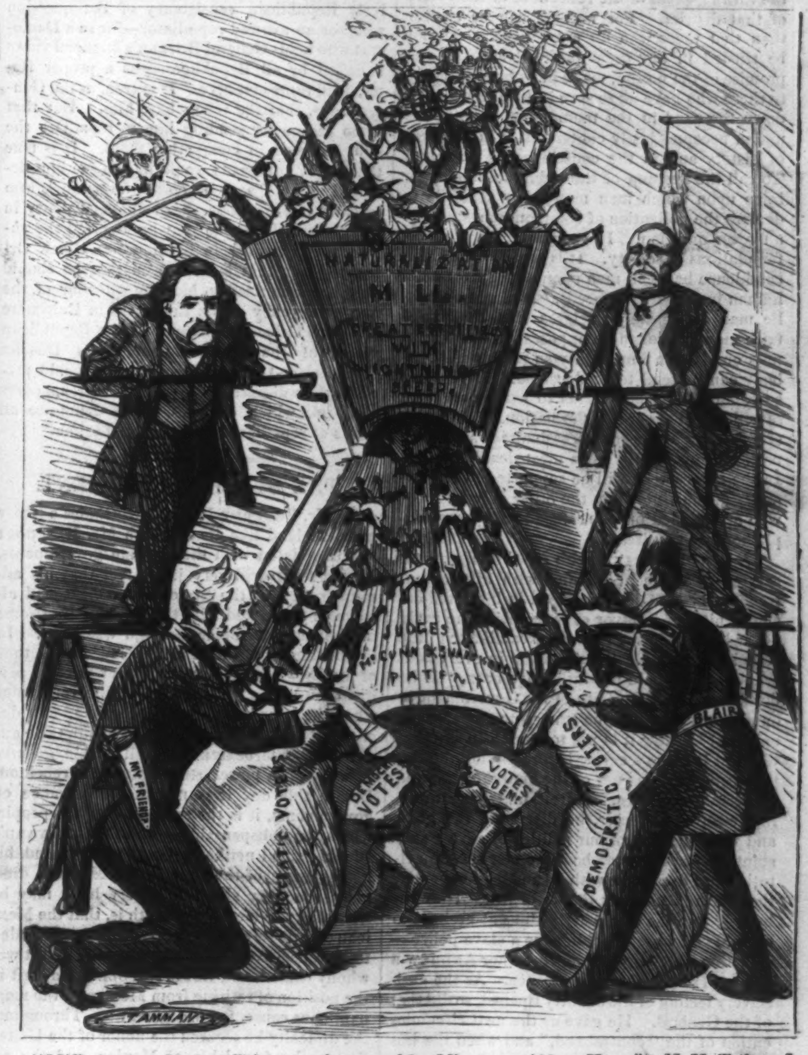
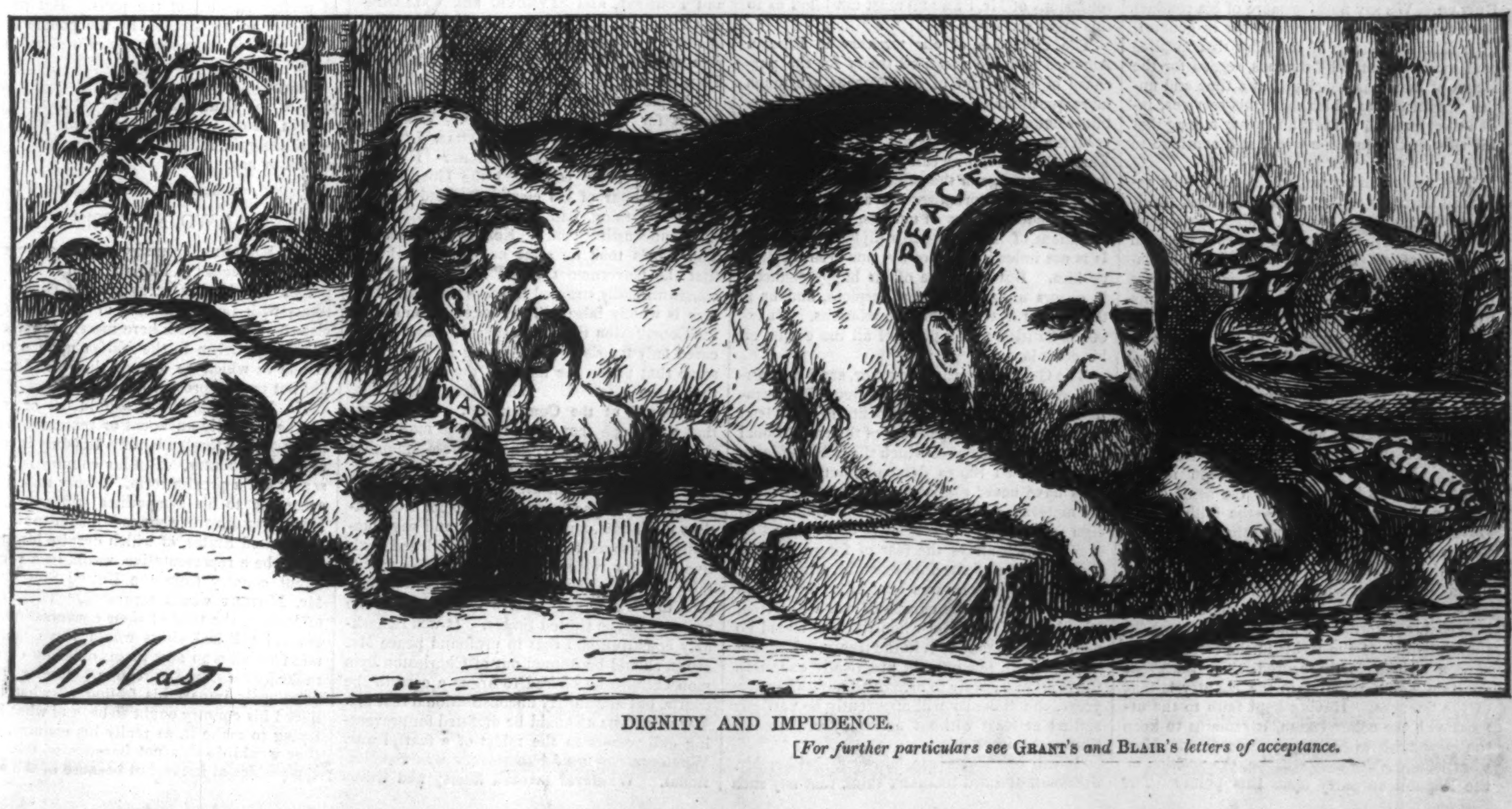

SEYMOUR
FRIENDS MEET HERE.
REPUBLICAN
GRANT AND COLFAX.
Th: Nast.

WHY "THE NIGGER IS NOT FIT TO VOTE."


K.K.K.
NATURALIZATION MILL.
CREATES CITIZENS WITH LIGHTNING SPEED.
JUDGES McCUNN & BARNARD'S PATENT
MY FRIEND
DEMOCRATIC VOTERS
DEMOC VOTES
VOTES DEMC
BLAIR
DEMOCRATIC VOTERS
TAMMANY

"M'CUNN manufactures Citizens at the rate of 8 a Minute, or 480 an Hour."—*N. Y. Tribune.*]


PEACE
WAR
Th: Nast.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

[*For further particulars see* GRANT'S *and* BLAIR'S *letters of acceptance.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 24, 1868.

☞ Harper's Bazar *for October* 31 *will contain a magnificent* Colored Fashion Plate, *prepared expressly for that Journal by the* Mode Illustree *of Paris, and surpassing any thing of the kind ever published in this country.*

GENERAL BUTLER AND Mr. DANA.

"When a great people borrow money and promise to pay it, that transaction takes its place at the very head of all transactions of good faith and honor in the world."

These words from the speech of R. H. Dana, Jun., upon accepting the Republican nomination for Congress against General Butler in the Fifth District of Massachusetts, should be the turning-point of the reflections of the voters of that district. For nothing can be clearer than that those who do not believe it can not be trusted in any great national act. If the promise of the nation, made in its hour of agony to those who gave all to save it, is to be whistled down the wind in the moment of success, the nation becomes justly contemptible in the eyes of history and in the conscience of mankind. To call the keeping of the public faith a minor issue upon which men may fairly differ, is to declare the obligation of common honesty to be an open question. It is to attack the moral foundations of society. It is to destroy all that confidence between men upon which honorable human intercourse proceeds. And when a public man deliberately declares that the public faith may be broken he exposes his own weakness or his own immorality so plainly that nobody can pretend to be deceived. If he have so sophisticated himself as to believe what he says, he is in regard to the national honor precisely what a sincere secessionist was to the national unity. He is its most deadly enemy. In the one case he will be supported by the enemies of the Union; in the other only by those who are blinded or who refuse to see what simple honesty requires.

If General Grant, with all his illustrious service to the country, and with all the extraordinary confidence reposed in him, had declared himself in favor of repudiation, he could never have been the successful candidate of the Republican party. The question in every honorable heart would instantly have been, "If he does not respect the faith of the Government in one way, how can he be trusted to respect it in another?" Now it is not too much to say that General Butler's career before joining the Republican party was not of the kind that inspired universal confidence. Adroit, unsparing, untiring, sworn to success, he dismissed the great and vital question of our politics by saying substantially that he was bound under the Constitution not to meddle with it, and, consequently, that he had better not think about it. He went bravely into the war, but he did not hesitate to offer Massachusetts soldiers as a slave police—an action which drew from Governor Andrew a powerful and noble remonstrance. As the anti-slavery feeling of the country ripened, so did that of the General. He gave us the neat circumlocution of the "contraband," and when the immediate end of slavery was apparent, there was no more zealous emancipationist than General Butler. We say nothing more of his conduct upon this question, or of his career in general, than that it was not of the kind that inspires confidence. General Butler's regard for the rights of men was developed at a time and under circumstances which made his services, indeed, very useful, but left an uneasy feeling that his view of the question would still continue to depend upon circumstances.

This feeling, however, might have been regarded as unfair to the General if he had steadily and consistently shown a high moral tone in public affairs, or if he had not shown a total disregard of it. But when he made his declaration of the propriety of repudiation, it was impossible for the observer of his conduct not to remark that, as his anti-slavery views had been curiously coincident with the change in public opinion upon that subject, so his financial views were evidently tending in the direction which the same public opinion seemed to favor. The suspicion was irresistible that the General possibly liked justice and honor and the rights of man, but that he most certainly loved a majority. Now the colored population in the Southern States have precisely the same guarantee with the bondholder—the faith of the Government. They have no other. And if a man is willing to break faith with the one creditor, when he thinks that public opinion demands it, why not with the other?

Or if we suppose that one of these points is irrevocably determined, and that substantially the protection of the rights of the colored population is henceforth secured, then the great question which remains to the country is that of the finances. Having kept faith to the utmost with the colored man, it remains to keep the same faith with the public creditor. Now what is, and will necessarily be, the position of the Republican party upon this point? The observance of the same honesty and good faith. It has not swindled the colored race—it will not swindle the creditors. Why, then, should any Republican constituency any where select as its representative to deal with this financial question a man who virtually advocates swindling? And why should the earnest supporters of such a candidate permit themselves to describe the question of public honesty as "a minor issue?" There is not, and can never be, an issue so important. Some of these supporters sneer at the opposition to General Butler as sustained by those who could acquit Andrew Johnson and yet consider themselves Republicans. But let these gentlemen answer a simple question. Which is worse for the country or for the party, that the President should have been acquitted, or that the debt should be repudiated?

The contest between General Butler and Mr. Dana is watched every where with profound interest, because it is not a local contest merely. It is the submission to a distinctively Republican consistency of the question whether an avowed repudiator—for so a Democrat who holds General Butler's financial views is called by all Republicans—is a proper Republican representative. It is true, as the General says, that the rebels hate him. But that is no reason for sending him to repudiate the debt incurred in conquering them. It is true that the Copperheads would like to see him defeated. But that is no reason for sending him to carry out the Copperhead financial policy in Congress. It is true that he asserted the supremacy of the flag in Baltimore and New Orleans. But that is no reason that he should now be authorized to blot the splendor of the flag by a policy which the rebels in Baltimore and New Orleans applaud. If the Republican voters of the Fifth Massachusetts District should elect General Butler they would proclaim their disagreement with the national party platform, which declares, "We denounce all forms of repudiation as a national crime."

THE STATE DEPARTMENT.

If Mr. Reverdy Johnson concludes a treaty with England like those which Mr. Bancroft has negotiated with the German governments, Mr. Seward will very justly feel that his administration of the State Department will always be associated with the settlement of some of the most important foreign questions. In the beginning of the rebellion, indeed, the tone of his dispatches to our ministers was more politic than wise. They failed in the very point where he hoped to make them strong. In declining to acknowledge a moral conflict, he expected the forbearance of all stable governments with a power struggling with rebellion. But in this day it is not the forbearance of governments, it is the sympathy of the people, which is indispensable—and Mr. Seward's course gained neither. On the other hand, his management of the French and Mexican difficulty was very skillful. Every body may be wise after the fact. The truth is, that the Mexican enterprise of Louis Napoleon was intended to be a decisive blow to the Union. But it was wholly baffled, and Louis Napoleon was left in the position of retiring from Mexico by the magnanimous consent of Mr. Seward. Throughout the difficulty he secured the honor of the United States, the friendship of Mexico, and the acquiescence of France. The domestic political confusions of Mr. Seward must not blind us to this great service.

The extension of our territory in Russian America and the proposed treaty for the purchase of the island of St. Thomas are much more questionable acts. The country has certainly not seen the advantage of such expansion upon the conditions proposed. But the Chinese Embassy, which, if we can properly interpret the flowery language of the celestial embassadors—wherever born—promises the advent of China into the equal society of nations, will also be an ornament of Mr. Seward's diplomatic career. It is not indeed an act of his, nor even inspired by him. But it is one of his happy chances. It occurs under American auspices, and he is the head of American foreign relations. Plancus is entitled to the glory of all the events of his consulate.

The German treaties, however, are a substantial credit to Mr. Seward's foreign administration. The European governments do not indeed make the complete surrender of their traditional principles of allegiance which the public opinion of the United States demands, but which our laws have never asserted; yet the concessions are material, and they show a disposition in foreign policy upon the subject to be governed by events which allays the fear of future trouble. The violation of the fundamental principle of the German treaties was alleged by the United States as one of the causes of war with Great Britain in 1812. But when the war ended no mention was made of it in the treaty. England has asserted, but has not practically exercised the right offensively to us. And now, after fifty years, the difficulty will apparently be partially settled at least without acrimony or humiliation upon either side.

It will be unfortunate, however, if either Mr. Johnson or Lord Stanley think that any such treaty would induce the United States to relax the stringency of the demand for a just settlement of the *Alabama* claims. We say a just settlement without at all insisting that Mr. Seward's views upon the subject are altogether sound. But the treaty of modified allegiance can not set off any claim of an entirely different character. England did not treat us fairly in the matter of the maritime rights of the rebels. All that we ask is that she be fair now, and not say that she really can not be tutored by the United States. That is not an answer but an insult. If, as Mr. Johnson intimates, he and Lord Stanley are making an arrangement which will be mutually satisfactory; and if, in addition, he negotiates a treaty concerning aliens which is equally agreeable, he will have earned the right to lay a fresh flower of rhetoric upon the shrine of a common language and of Shakespeare and Milton.

Meanwhile Mr. Seward may properly be congratulated, as he will be kindly remembered, upon the negotiation of treaties by which foreign governments acknowledge the rights of their subjects who become our citizens. But, amidst his just satisfactions, how poignantly must the Foreign Secretary sometimes regret that his political insight and his faith in the people had not saved him from the acts and words of the last few years at home!

THE FRIENDS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

In Mr. Beecher's admirable address in the Brooklyn Academy he made great fun of the new defenders of the Constitution. And it was well-timed. Nobody, it seems, understands the Constitution but those who struggled night and day to destroy it. Nobody is to be accounted a friend of the Union but those who fought to dissolve it, or helped the fighters, or who have now combined to overthrow its reconstruction by armed force. Nobody is to be considered conservative but those who, after the cancer has been cut out, are zealously striving to put as much of it back as possible. In the good old days, they cry, was there not one of the completest cancers ever seen consuming the bosom of our beloved country; and how, pray, can our beloved country ever be again what she was unless we restore that cancer?

But to recall yesterday is as practicable as to make the country what it was, or to restore the old Union. The old Union is impossible without slavery; and since that is gone, all that belongs to it is gone with it. When emancipation was declared equal rights were assumed. No great multitudes of native male adults in this country can be held in a kind of purgatory between citizenship and non-citizenship. When they cease to be slaves they become men. When they become men they have all the rights which our principles accord to men. The folly of the Democratic party is that it hopes to prevent this. It thinks that baffled slaveholders can propose a wise policy for a nation of freemen. Who supposes that the old politicians who prostituted the whole Government to the protection of slavery would now honestly direct that Government, if they could get hold of it, to the extension and security of freedom? When the Americans conquered in the Revolution did they invite the Tories to take charge of the new Government? If the rebels had succeeded would the Union men have directed affairs? Would Wade Hampton, and Toombs, and Forrest, and Seymour, and Vallandigham have invited General Grant to the head of their Government? And shall the men who sustained Grant invite Wade Hampton, Toombs, and Seymour to the head of theirs?

The plea of the late rebels now is, that they fought for the old Constitution. What old Constitution? Was not Abraham Lincoln elected according to its provisions? Had not the slavery party controlled the Government up to the hour of his election? Had he proposed any thing, had Congress proposed any thing unconstitutional? Nobody pretends it. The rebels took up arms because they knew that the Government would no longer be unconstitutionally strained to serve slavery. The plea is wholly false. They cared no more for the Constitution then than they do now. They cared only for slavery. As long as they could serve that under the mask of the Constitution they were satisfied. When they could not, they struck at the Constitution. Now again, that they hope they can save some morsels of the corpse of slavery, they profess immense veneration for the Constitution.

It was very constitutional to rob the mails, and suppress free speech, and shoot free settlers in Kansas, and steal Texas, and pay commissioners more for returning an alleged fugitive than for releasing him; but it was frightfully unconstitutional, according to these doctors, to lift a finger to save the Union or the property of the United States. It was remarkably constitutional that in profound peace Mr. Hoar should be hunted out of Charleston by a mob because he offered to argue a case in the courts, but alarmingly unconstitutional that Mr. Vallandigham should be arrested for preventing enlistments in the midst of a fearful war. Whatever was useful to slavery was constitutional. Whatever favored liberty and Union was unconstitutional. It seems that we are all under a mistake. Abraham Lincoln was the destroyer of the Constitution and Union. Jefferson Davis was their illustrious defender.

This is the intolerable nonsense of the Southern Democratic pretense in this country. If that party does not learn from the election of General Grant that the Constitution means freedom and not slavery, it will be, as it has been for the last eight years, despised by all lovers of liberty every where in the world. To serve a live despot, even if he be cruel, is at least an intelligible act. But to worship the meanest of dead tyrants is a condition beyond description.

VOTING IN GEORGIA.

"A Slaveholder that Was," and that would evidently like still to be, in a few lively lines from Savannah, informs us that the negro was originally sold to "the South" by the "infernal Yankee," and after pronouncing us "mean, low-life liars," winds up by asking, "Why don't you give the negro the right to vote North?"

Let us speak of this State. If New York, like Georgia, had made war upon the Government of the United States, and after a sharp and bloody struggle had been reduced to submission—and it had become perfectly clear that in order to have a sufficient loyal party in the State, the colored population or any other disfranchised class must be made voters, it would be done. And if the circumstances were such that the question had been left by the Government to the State itself to decide whether the disfranchised class should vote, and the proposition had been contemptuously rejected, the Government would properly do what it thought to be wisest and most necessary to promote the general welfare of New York and of the country.

That is precisely what it has done in Georgia. When that State and others were left without any government whatever, the United States said, "You have cost us three hundred and fifty thousand lives and four thousand millions of dollars. Now we can not put a premium upon rebellion and reward it when unsuccessful by giving you increased political power. The slaves are now free. You say that you don't wish them to vote. Very well, decide that for yourselves. But if you decide that they shall not, then they must not be counted in the basis of representation. One voter in South Carolina must not be equal at the polls to three men in the State of New York. Decide for yourselves." This was the fourteenth amendment. And the States in question spurned it. Then the Government said, "If you insist upon an actual gain of power by your baffled rebellion, we will settle the matter for the good of the whole." And it passed the reconstruction laws.

Colored suffrage is a matter of State policy in the largest sense. The war waged by "the South" to destroy the Government gave the Government, when successful, the right to regulate the suffrage in certain States. It did in them what circumstances, including the action of those States, showed to be essential to the general welfare both of those States and of the country. The war has not given the Government a right to regulate suffrage in the State of New York. If it had, we assure "a Slaveholder that Was," and, please Heaven! that never again shall be, that we should strenuously urge upon the Government the good policy of perfect equality at the polls. But as it is a subject to be decided by the people of the State, we lose no opportunity of urging it upon them.

Meanwhile our correspondent ought to be able to see that, as a matter of fact, negroes vote in Georgia to-day because the white people of Georgia refused to decide whether they should or not.

TWO NATIONS.

Mr. Reverdy Johnson continues to make pleasant speeches in England, and it is now reported that he has arranged the details of a treaty with Lord Stanley, of which we speak elsewhere. We wish here merely to refer to a friendly criticism in the *Nation* upon a recent article in which we alleged that Mr. Johnson did not truly represent his country.

No Minister, indeed, should be, or indeed can be, properly an agent or representative of his party in a foreign land. His duty is to represent his country. But his country is, in this sense, not a precise term. Every man judges according to his sympathies and convictions. If Mr. Pendleton went as Minister to England, the United States, of which despite himself he would be a representative, would be a very different country from the United States which Mr. Motley would represent. Their choice of society, the tone of their conversation, their general political views would leave upon the mind of all who saw them, officially or not, a radically different impression. Each would involuntarily impart his feeling of what he believed his country ought to be, and what he was trying to make it, as really his country. And they would do this not because of their party sympathies at home, but because of the convictions that impelled them at home to act with one or the other party. If, for instance, the United States as Mr. Adams conceived them had been represented in England in 1861, instead of the United States as Mr. Dallas believed them to be, the course of the British policy during the war would possibly have been different.

What we regret in the appointment of Mr. Reverdy Johnson is, that he does not seem to us to represent the real faith and—so to speak—tendency of his country. The chief and important function of a Minister in these days is his social influence, and by his antecedents, and convictions, and associations, we can not help feeling that the American Minister in England will give false impressions. Of course a Republican—in the party sense—could also give a false impression. If he were anxious to make a public dinner pass off pleasantly, he could also celebrate the community of language, which has nevertheless not prevented two wars and perpetual jealousy and alienation. Whether Republican or Democrat, a Minister could punctually obey instructions, insist upon full satisfaction for *Alabama* or other claims, send an ultimatum, and demand his passports. But, after all, every nation is, in Disraeli's sense, "two nations," and an embassador can only represent one of them. With our own feeling, not in the Republican, but in the American sense, Mr. Johnson seems to us to represent the wrong one.

THE ASPECTS OF TRADE.

The fact to which we have heretofore adverted, that the circulating medium is a *fixed quantity*, incapable from its quality of being expelled, prevents those alarming vicissitudes in trade which attended our mixed currency whenever, from an excess of paper, the precious metals were driven away. Although since the first of the year the export of the precious metals, chiefly to England, has amounted to over sixty-six millions of dollars, yet, as gold and silver have been demonetized except for payments for duties and for interest, the fact of so large an export of it to pay for interest and for imports has had as yet no serious effect. If our circulating medium had been founded, as it was up to February, 1862, on gold and silver, the removal of so much of its substratum would have thrown our whole monetary system into great confusion. Our present freedom from such disasters is due to the policy, inevitable in a severe war, which made our Treasury notes a legal tender, and, although the situation is not desirable—that of a debtor seldom is, for it prevents competition with those that are solid—it is incomparably better than was possible under any other system. There remains in the country, whatever may be our imprudence in incurring debts abroad, a sufficient quantity of the debt-paying medium. What the country now wants, to place our industry on a footing with all other industries, is a gradual return to the specie prices of the world.

At present our competition with others is limited very much to productions connected with Agriculture. It will be necessary to successful competition in other pursuits that we shall get out of the abnormal condition forced upon us by a great and expensive war as soon as it can be done with advantage, and place ourselves on a footing of equality with the important manufacturing and commercial nations. The large surplus of our agricultural productions now wanted abroad must be carried only in foreign bottoms. The export of Indian corn to London and Liverpool, which was proceeding rapidly during the summer, was suddenly brought to an end, when prices were at 122.3 per bushel for Western mixed, by an advance in freights from 4½*d.* to 9*d.* per bushel. The foreign steamers, which now carry the bulk of our products, take wheat in place of corn, as the former is more valuable; but the price of freight, which vacillates between 8*d.* and 12*d.* per bushel of 56 pounds, going to the higher rate on a brisk demand, amounts to a serious charge upon our agricultural interest, which must divide the expense with the consuming nation. We shall be carriers on the ocean as soon as our range of prices will permit the rebuilding and navigation of vessels at rates not too much disproportioned to those of others.

The same circumstances are required to bring about competition in other important industries. It is probable that Congress has been impelled by the fear of an approaching Presidential canvass, and the disadvantage of having a President at variance with it and with whatever was for the public good, from taking the initiative in those movements which are required for returning prosperity. The great soldier who gave success to our arms—thus saving the millions in expenditure that would otherwise have been incurred—has developed qualities in administration, and in his intercourse with the public since the war, of a character to assure us that when the reins of Presidential power are given to his hands he will guide the nation aright, and communicate to all departments of the Government the example and the spirit of his wisdom, virtue, and courage. We may then hope to recover in time the position which will place us on a footing with the most skillful nations. Until this is accomplished we shall remain isolated so far as all industries are concerned in which we have no special advantage derived from what nature has bestowed.

Even in agriculture many nations in ordinary years can still undersell us in those markets which buy largely for the consumption of their people. The immense growth of population in the large manufacturing countries of Europe, and the tendency toward the exhaustion of wheat lands which is constantly going on abroad, operate to overcome the disadvantage resulting from the increased cost of production here. But this year we have special reasons for great activity in all the productions of agriculture. The drought has not only diminished the extent of crops in the British Isles, in which it was most severe, but also in the most important of those grain-growing countries which compete with us in the London and Liverpool markets. All the states on the west coast of Europe have more or less suffered. Turkey, Egypt, and Hungary will enjoy with us the benefits, if such they can be called, which the drought in Europe has temporarily occasioned. We do not rank California in the list of competitors, for we share in the advantages which her large surplus of grain will afford.

It has doubtless been considered remarkable that gold should have advanced to 150 a few weeks ago, and that it suddenly fell to 137¼ without any change in our foreign indebtedness to call for this difference. The circumstances were somewhat favorable for the advance, inasmuch as there had been, as we have seen, a large export of gold, and the balance in the Treasury and in banks had become so sensibly reduced as to give to speculators the audacity which they feel when no large amount can suddenly be thrown upon the market. They carried it up with ease, but the loss here from the export of our sixty-six millions has been reduced to about thirty-eight by receipts from California and elsewhere, and the Treasury had become so strong that speculation in view of that fact and of the certainty of large demands for our cotton and breadstuffs, turned about in its policy. The manner in which the payments for Alaska was managed had some effect in this direction. It may be that the intention of the Government to sell gold may have leaked out from some quarter, and been influential to produce this change, for there was great boldness in sales *short*; and when, late in September, the Government actually sold, the movements on the Exchange had become nearly frantic to drive it down. The sales of gold made by the Treasury in September were of only about two millions three hundred thousand dollars—an amount easily absorbed; but no definite ideas were entertained by the majority of operators as to the true objects of the Government and the extent to which it would go in these sales. The ability of the Government in depressing gold was considered greater than was the power of any combination then formed to resist, and hence the operations for a fall. It is understood, in the best financial circles, that it is supposed at Washington that the price for gold should range between 140 and 145; but sales were made by the Department last week at lower figures, explained, however, on the ground that currency was wanted and that gold could be spared. The truth is very evident that speculation is the main element which suddenly carries it above, and as suddenly below the value which it possesses as compared with the general run of prices of articles of general use the subjects of general commercial activity. The experiment of selling gold to the highest offer is now to be tried by the Treasury.

The inactivity of trade, in England particularly, is favorable now to a tolerably low price for gold in this country, inasmuch as the low rate of interest there and the much higher here occasion large temporary loans in Wall Street. The amount of this floating mass of capital held for English account is estimated at from fifty to a hundred millions of dollars. It is loaned in gold for sixty days, the borrower stipulating to furnish at or before maturity an unexceptionable sterling bill at sixty days' sight, drawn on London. These options, as they are called, have the tendency to furnish a much larger amount of exchange than is produced by our regular exports, and really to postpone the adjustment of the balance lately much against us on the total of imports and exports. Whenever the time arrives for the transfer of this floating capital to London it will occasion a great scarcity of exchange, unless it shall happen in consequence of a lower rate of interest here than is now paid, due to the possible abundance of money which may arise from the inevitable large demand for our cotton and breadstuffs. But so long as we have an extensive paper circulation the advantage of a large demand from abroad for our productions will be *wasted*, and those nations will be benefited who have the inestimable benefit of a sound currency.

Notwithstanding these fluctuations in gold, business has gone forward with great steadiness, and on as large a scale as was expected during the season of a Presidential canvass. Numerous and large assemblages, especially in country towns and at mid-day, are very costly, as they withdraw considerable bodies of men from their usual industry. It is this in the main which prevents any large accumulation of goods at country stores. People are engaged more in politics than in business. But there are just grounds for expecting that trade will not only be distributed over the whole year, but that it will improve when the canvass reaches the favorable end which now seems inevitable. An amount of agricultural productions in the North seldom or never surpassed; the certainty of a fair crop of cotton, and of a market for both; and nothing but political disturbance—soon, however, to be removed—to hinder the general prosperity, constitute a basis for activity which is sure to bestow activity until the results are known of the harvest of 1869.

JUDGE PIERREPONT ON THE CAMPAIGN.

We give below the interesting correspondence which has lately taken place between Judge Edwards Pierrepont and Alexander T. Stewart, the Chairman of the Grant Committee. It is of course unnecessary to remind our readers that Judge Pierrepont has hitherto always acted with the Democratic party. Like General Dix, he was a "War Democrat," and, like him also, he understands that the issues of this Presidential campaign are well defined as being "between the friends and the enemies of our Government." It is needless for us to add that the exalted character of Mr. Stewart affords a perfect guarantee that the funds will be used as he states, only for *proper* purposes.

103 Fifth Avenue,
New York, *Oct.* 10, 1868.

To Alex. T. Stewart, Esq., Chairman of the Grant Committee, etc.:

My Dear Sir,—When Frank P. Blair, who had no claims whatever upon the Democratic party, was nominated in Tammany Hall with such shouts of applause just after proclaiming that "We must have a President who will trample into dust" the laws of Congress, and when four rebel generals made the chief ratification speeches in New York, my attention as a War Democrat was arrested by this remarkable exhibition.

Since then I have carefully noted the expressions of Southern journals and the speeches of Southern politicians, from Wade Hampton on his return to Charleston to the recent manifesto of B. H. Hill, and I find that every leading rebel in the confederacy regards the expected election of Seymour and Blair as a complete vindication of the rebellion, and as certain to restore the South to every right which she had before the war, including the "trampling into dust" by military feet the proclamation of freedom and the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution.

The contest presents a well-defined issue between the friends and the enemies of our Government.

I can not conceive how any intelligent man, who does not wish the rebels returned to power, the nation's faith violated, its debt repudiated, its name dishonored, its prosperity destroyed, its patriots insulted, and the "lost cause" restored, can vote against Grant.

In my judgment the election of Seymour and Blair would forthwith confuse and paralyze our business, and reduce the value of our property one-half.

To aid in averting this calamity I send you herewith twenty thousand dollars ($20,000), which I give to be used in the election of General Grant in such manner as you and the committees with whom you act may think best. And I am, yours ever truly,

Edwards Pierrepont.

Broadway and Chambers Street,
New York, *Oct.* 12, 1868.

Edwards Pierrepont, New York City:

My Dear Judge,—It gives me great pleasure to know that you fully appreciate the consequences to all business men—indeed every one having any interest in the prosperity of our country—that must result from the election of General Grant.

The question is presented to the people whether they will aid in electing an administration bent upon trampling loyalty into the dust and elevating upon its ruins a power controlled by rebel chiefs, whose motto will be, "The rebellion vindicated," with prostration to every branch of industry and business at the North, or whether we should place in the Executive Mansion one emphatically of the people, who has never acted except from a just sense of duty to his country, and from whose administration we will have all the blessings that can flow from peace in every department of our Government, inspiring a confidence that can only lead us to prosperity and happiness as a nation, and promising for us a future unequaled in the history of the past.

To secure this end I accept your generous contribution, and will apply it to such *proper* uses as may tend to bring about a result so full of promise of blessings to us all.

Sincerely your friend,
Alexander T. Stewart.

FORGERIES.

Some weeks ago the New York *World* declared that certain expressions of opinion by noted Democratic leaders in the Southern States, which were generally published in the Republican papers, were forgeries. We printed several such extracts under the caption, "Are they forgeries?" and among them a paragraph from the Mobile *Register*, edited by Mr. John Forsyth. Mr. Forsyth, under his signature in his paper, charges us with forgery in perverting his meaning.

The simple truth is, that Mr. Forsyth, after calling the present State Governments in the Southern States the rule of carpet-baggers, negroes, and scalawags, added: "And here we may as well say that the people of the South do not intend to submit to that permanent rule, result as the Presidential election may." We quoted these words as indicative of the spirit in which the Southern Democratic leaders regard reconstruction; and we assert that it is because of Frank Blair's deliberate declaration that reconstruction should be overthrown by force that his nomination was so jubilantly hailed by those of whom Mr. Forsyth is a fair representative.

In his long letter of reply Mr. Forsyth says that we misuse—not misquote—his words, and that he did not mean any thing offensive. Mr. Forsyth will pardon us if we infer the meaning of words from the conduct of those who use them. His friend Mr. Yancey came to New York in 1860 and asked in the Cooper Institute whether it was to be expected that "the South" would submit to Mr. Lincoln's election. His words were not as strong as Mr. Forsyth's, but he meant rebellion, and it is foolish for the latter gentleman to plead a Pickwickian sense for his words. We quoted them fairly, and they were the point of his article. They were in no sense a forgery; and we repeat what we said in quoting them, that the nomination of General Blair upon his Brodhead letter, the declarations of Wade Hampton in regard to the platform, the whole course of the canvass, and the proved feeling of the friends of Mr. Forsyth, "show distinctly that the policy of the Democratic party, should it succeed at the polls, will be the forcible overthrow of the governments of the Southern States."

Mr. Forsyth's general views of the rebellion are stated in another article, from which we quote as follows:

> "Already the word 'Copperhead' has lost half of its odium in the northern public mind, and 'rebel' is getting to be understood as an armed protest against a faction that was inimical to human freedom and was at open war with the Constitution of the United States. ......The Confederate States bore the old Constitution with them, and set it upon their own altars for a purer, holier, and safer worship. And history will yet write that it was that act that through fire and blood saved the Constitution, and enabled the nation in the fullness of time to vindicate and re-enthrone it in their hearts and again plant it upon the altars of a common country."

He holds that the rebels are the loyal men, and that those who tried to smother the Union in blood are its truest friends. And his paper, the Mobile *Register*, in which he utters these sentiments, is editorially commended by the New York *World* as follows:

> "The Mobile *Register*, in its various editions, is one of the most trusted and trust-worthy organs of Southern political opinion. It has been for fifty years a champion of Democratic principles."

LITERARY.

"M'Pherson's Hand-Book of Politics for 1868," published by Philp & Solomons, Washington, is indispensable to every one who would be accurately informed of current political affairs. The present volume contains the hand-book for three years past, and is a body of documents, votes, laws, speeches, proclamations, platforms, letters, opinions, messages, orders, and miscellany upon the whole subject of reconstruction. Mr. M'Pherson who, as Clerk of the House of Representatives, has peculiar facilities for such a work, has skillfully condensed and selected, so that the manual is as convenient as it is copious. It is, of course, a work of permanent value.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The revenue case, in which Commissioner Rollins and Deputy Commissioner Harland were the defendants, was dismissed on the 7th by Commissioner Guttman, no evidence whatever being produced by the prosecution.

General Howell Cobb died suddenly at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in this city on the 9th instant.

President Johnson has through General Grant issued an order to the army and navy, instructing officers not to interfere with the holding of elections in the Southern States. These instructions were called forth by General Reynolds's late order forbidding an election for Presidential electors to be held in Texas.

FOREIGN NEWS.

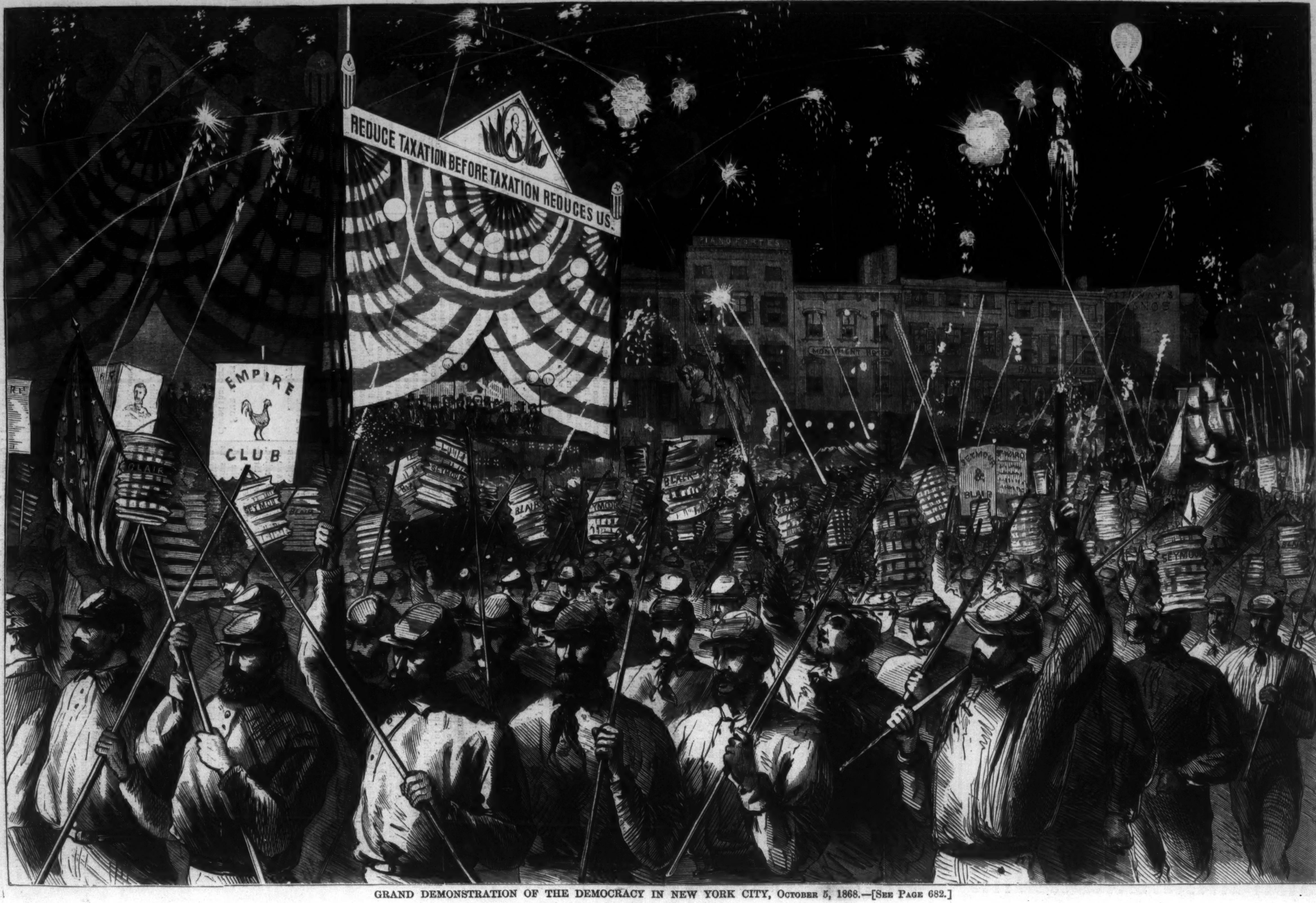
The Provisional Government, with Prim and Serrano at its head, seems to have firmly established itself in Spain. General Prim arrived in Madrid on the 5th instant. Espartero, who was at first thought of as the head of the Government, seems to have been discarded either on account of his advanced age or of his conservative sentiments. Our minister at Madrid, Mr. Hale, has recognized the new Government, and his action has been approved by Secretary Seward. Lersundi, Captain-General of Cuba, has formally acceded to the authority of the Provisional Government; but he is to be relieved by General Dulce. The first steps taken by the revolutionists promise good results. Its liberal action in regard to slavery in the colonies, its admission of delegates from Cuban citizens in Madrid, and its anxiety for the early assembling of the Cortes, show a disposition toward moderation rarely exhibited immediately after a popular uprising. In some cases—as in the matter of duties—the Government has overstepped its proper limits, and has usurped the proper functions of the Cortes. As to the form of government which will succeed this temporary arrangement, or whether indeed this arrangement will not be maintained, it is useless at the present time to speculate.

The King of Denmark has announced to the Danish Parliament that the negotiations with Prussia in regard to Schleswig-Holstein have reached no result. The Parliament has postponed for one year the ratification of the sale of St. Thomas.

The land question is the most radical one connected with Irish reform. It is reported that the British Parliament will take up this difficult question at an early day.

Hon. Reverdy Johnson, our Minister to England, has sent a cable dispatch to this Government, stating that he has signed a protocol with the British Government regulating the rights of naturalized citizens. The compact is similar in features to the treaty recently concluded by Mr. Bancroft with the German powers.

We give on another page a detailed account, with illustrations, of the recent events of the Paraguayan war. Lopez has retired from San Fernando to Asuncion.


REDUCE TAXATION BEFORE TAXATION REDUCES US.
EMPIRE CLUB
BLAIR
SEYMOUR
SEYMOUR & BLAIR

GRAND DEMONSTRATION OF THE DEMOCRACY IN NEW YORK CITY, October 5, 1868.—[See Page 682.]

LILY'S STORY.

The scene of our story is a dépôt on the Georgia Railroad, not far from Augusta, and the time is the spring of 1866. Some things linked to it run back of that date for two generations.

I first saw the place on a dismal morning in February, for my father had bought the saw-mill, which was the principal feature of the place; and as the war-poverty had compelled a sale of our city home, he sought a livelihood and exemption from debt at the mill.

The first view was not charming. A building, long, low, rambling, and destitute of paint as of taste, was the railroad hotel and boarding-house. With our own, and half a score of negro shanties with dirt chimneys, it and they made the village.

There was a footpath which began ankle-deep in sand, and arose into the variety of gully, rock, and bramble which diversified the hill upon which stood our new home.

It was a box with a front-porch and four rooms, crowning the summit of said hill, and open to sun and wind; for not a shrub three feet high was left of the original black-jack and sweet-gum growth. The fence of rough boards inclosed half an acre of sand, two scraggy wild rose-bushes, and the kitchen. The pig-pen and other improvements came at a later date.

At the foot of this hill an immense bank of saw-dust marked the site of another mill,

> "Whose mules were dead
> Whose sawyer fled,
> And its lumber all departed."

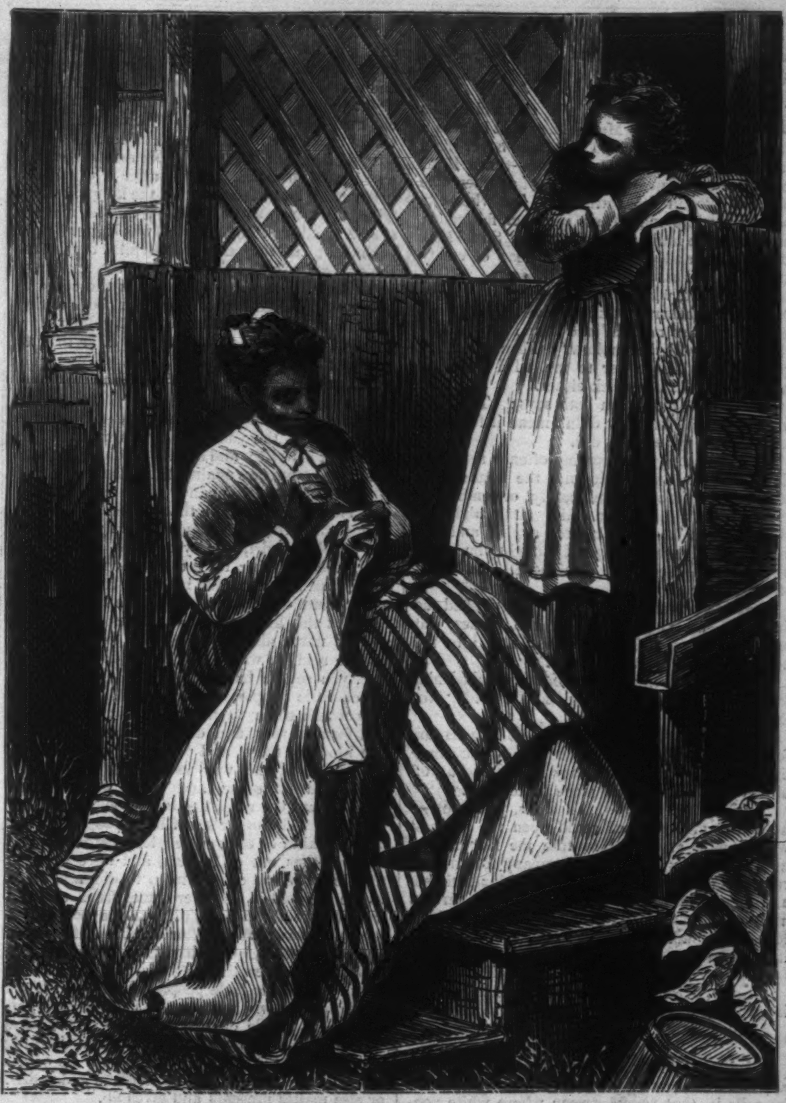
Its yellow dust now partially bridged the swamp and made a passable wagon-road.

Beyond this spread a few hundred acres of fields, which were of sufficient fertility to average a dozen corn-stalks and as many ghosts of last year's poke-berries to the acre; and beyond this was pine timber, while the limit of vision still suggested—pine.

I saw all this before I entered the house. There, the pine ceiling of wrinkled, yellow grain, the furniture revealing some mahogany and marble; the books, and pictures, and fresh tints of the carpets; and, best of all, the flames that licked out red tongues from the turpentine of the logs, and roared and crackled up the huge chimneys, literally like "a house afire," all made me feel comfortable and at home.

Perhaps the reader will appreciate all this more when I introduce myself as being a girl named Mary, and fifteen years old.

The next day, bright, bracing, and sunny, the real *spring* weather of our clime, tempted me forth, and I found that in coming to the house I had turned my back upon the best; for there, beyond the railroad, lay a broad plain, arched for acres in eternal green, like some cathedral on a festal day; and in the cool shadow, where sunlight made mosaic as it gleamed through the arches and myriad pillars on the brown carpet of pine straw, there was a perpetual incense from the amber tears of the great stems; and the wind through a thousand pillared aisles breathed the mellowed thunder of nature's organ, and the whispering of the leaves seemed expectant of the anthem from the distant choir. The ages that had reared those great brown trunks to heaven, or strewn their long-leaved summer spoils upon the floor, seemed to be still present in the solitude, and every note of that solemn monotone that throbbed through the silence uttered only—God.


"HOW DID YOU EVER HAPPEN TO MARRY A MAN OLDER THAN YOURSELF?"

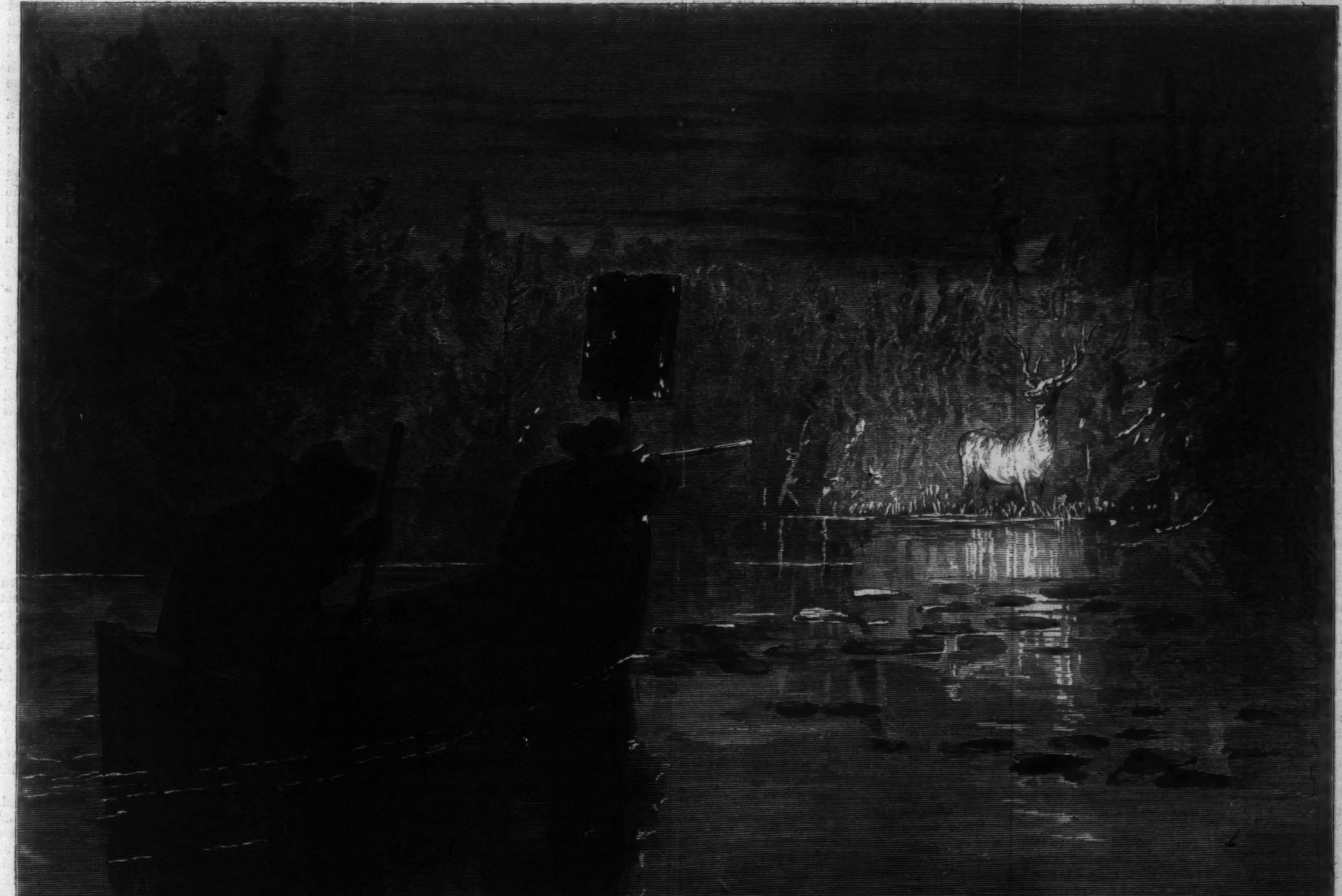
But nature is ever marred by man's intermeddling, and even the bold spring that leaped with a gurgle of joy from the rough heart of the hill-side, and sent a perfect fountain of yellow sand boiling from its bottom, was stopped before it had gleamed among the reeds for a dozen yards, and forced to become a frog-pond. From this durance vile it had two escapes. One, a spout where the most faithful old nurse in the world, Aunt Mary, used to wash her clothes; the other, a viaduct of hollowed logs leading under rock and bramble, swamp, saw-dust, and railroad, to at last assert its hydraulic principles and fill the great wooden tank of five hundred barrels, at which the iron horse loved to drink till the cold water would hiss and bubble in his hot throat.

Some half a mile down his iron track was the new saw-mill—

> "Its mules hauling logs, the great shed beneath,
> Where the puff of steam was whirling the teeth
> Of the circular saw through the lumber,"

and where a score of sweating negroes, in ventilated pantaloons, were shoveling saw-dust, piling plank, adjusting bands and stop-cocks, and a congregation of wives and children, evidently possessed of hereditary hydrophobia, admired from the doors of their shanties the all things which constitute the poetry of saw-mills. I may as well confess that at night, when the "pillar of cloud" floats in lessened density from the great, black chimney up through the stars; when such fires roar up those chimneys of sticks and mud as might fuse brick ones; when the inevitable fiddle comes from the box under the bed, and men and women join their full, powerful voices in the hymns that are all rhyme and no reason; *then* there is a weird enchantment about the whole scene, with a little of the Macbeth witch effect, and a good deal of honest peace and Christian content. But when some mischievous hand touches the lever of the engine-whistle, and the voice of the steam fiend howls through the gloom, the witch effect is (to use a Georgiaism) "right smart ahead."

One pleasant afternoon, in the mild April days that *did* come at last, my household friends, or at least the whites of the family, seemed to have all deserted our windy hill. Father was directing


FLOATING FOR DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 679.]

a score of colored American citizens, who piled ton after ton of plank and scantling on the dozen cars which constituted the body and tail of the railroad reptile, of which the great black head was hissing away like a helpless old tea-kettle. Mother was on a visit to Augusta. Brother absent biographing some "distinguished" or other, and I

"All alone,
With the moan
Of a dreaming dog in my ear."

And nothing on earth to do all the long afternoon but to look at our young cook, Lily, as she sat on the porch steps in the sun, and sewed on a shirt for her husband.

She had been called "the lily child" by her parents in compliment to the three-fourths of white blood in her veins, and had been married two years to Hansell Ruff, the colored foreman of the mill hands. She began in a pleasant but monotonous tone to hum the words of a poem she had seen in the Atlanta *Era*, and had herself adapted to a negro melody. As I was lonely, and the dog had been dismissed to accompany the orphan pig that wandered about the yard, and as the frogs of the pond would not open before dusk, I asked her to sing it. She did so, little comprehending how true a picture it presented of her own race, hurried into freedom, as were Israel from the land mourning its first-born dead, and yet so poor and homeless as to sigh for slavery, as did that people for the "flesh-pots" of their Egypt.

The words were Watson's, and I give them as worth preserving:

"A freedman sat on a pile of bricks,
As the rain was pattering down;
His shoes were worn and his coat was torn,
And his hat was without a crown.
He viewed the clouds and he viewed himself,
And shook the wet from his head,
With a tear in his eye, as he saw go by
A boy with a loaf of bread.
Then raising his voice in a dolesome tone,
That sounded like a gong,
While the rain came down on his happy crown,
He sang to himself this song:

"De wind blows cold, but I's done with toil,
And I's lef' de cotton patch:
I guess ole Massa tink he count
His chickens fore dey hatch.
I totes no more de heavy load,
Nor drives old Missus round:
I wonder who dey's gwine to get
To work de patch ob ground.
Den fling away the plow and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee:
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord I's free!

"'But I tink last night, as I tried to sleep
Upon the muddy ground,
While the rain was drippin' on my head,
And de wind was whizzin' round,
I'd like to hab my light'ood fire
And my cabin back again,
For de wedder's gettin' berry cold
Out here in all dis rain.
But den I's done wid rake and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee;
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord I's free!

"'De odder day when Pinkey died
I tink it berry good
Dat de dear Lord should take her off
Before dis cold wind blowed:
But den 'twas hard to see her die—
I wish she'd not been born—
I's 'fraid she perished, for she asked
About de rice and corn.
But den I's done wid rake and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee;
De rain *may* come, de wind *may* blow,
But bress de Lord I's free!"

"'And Dinah sits dere on de ground,
And looks so thin and poor;
She can not sing the song she sung
About de cabin door.
Her poor ole limbs are almost bare;
Her cheek-bone's comin' froo;
I almost wish de Lord would come
And take her up dere too.
But den *she's* done wid rake an' hoe,
Dis am de jubilee;
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord she's free!

"'I dreamt las' night ole Massa come
And took us home wid he
To de log-cabin dat we lef'
When first dey sot us free;
And dere I built de light'ood fire,
And Dinah cooked de yam:
Dey say dat dreams am sometimes true;
I wonder if dis one am.
But den I's flung away de hoe,
To hab a jubilee;
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord I's free!'"

As I looked at Lily, with her dusky cheeks of as rich a color as ever Moorish blood gave to the girls of Spain; her jetty hair crinkling its short masses into an effort to curl; her bright and saucy black eyes; the unmistakable Saxon dimple at the corners of her mouth; and neck and arms perfectly faultless in their curves—I wondered how it was that she, a girl of twenty, and the pride and belle of every negro dancing frolic in the settlement, should ever have mated with the sedate husband of forty-five.

So I asked: "Does Hansell ever dance when he goes with you to weddings and frolics?"

"Bless you, no, Mistress! He's done with all such foolishness long ago, and he generally stays at home now and minds the baby."

"How did you ever happen to marry a man older than yourself?"

"It's a long story to tell."

"Well, if you will tell it to me I will sew up that sleeve for you, as I have nothing that I want to do else."

She was willing enough, as she loved to talk and also to be helped; and the following is what I remember of it, and nearly her language:

"You see, Missus, that while I was young and foolish, and liked young men best, I had sense enough to know that a good steady provider *was* best; and so I chose meat, and bread, and good clothes, over dancing and fun abroad, and dry bread at home.

"Hansell Ruff always was free, and was agoing to buy me and have our children free if we could; and then he worked for himself and had money, and there's a principle in money, you know. So he promised to follow me wherever the white folks took me, and I always laid off to have him; but he had a hard time to get me, sure!"

"How so, Lily?"

"Well, I'll tell it all through. The old folks—and that's Dad and Mam—they said he was a power too old for me, and that they never liked free niggers no way. Then Hans—that's Ruff, you know—he once on a time had another wife that still lives in this settlement; but when she took to a white man Hans quit her for good; but that made him be talked about. So he kept courtin' me, and brought me a heap of candy and cakes and all sorts of nice things.

"One night, when he was a settin' up to me, Dad—that's father, you know—he speaks up and says: 'Lily's so ramblin' and wild I don't know what to do with her nohow.' Then Hans, he ups and says, 'Give her to me. I'll feed her, and never strike her a lick either.'

"And Dad and Mam both says: 'Take her and welcome;' but they didn't mean it for earnest, as Hans hoped they did.

"So when he got to coming oftener they flew all to flinders, and forbid him the house. He kept bringing me fruit and candy, or sending it, but never set down nor staid. One night he brought me a basket of big red apples, and just set it down by me, saying, 'I thought you might want some apples. Good-night all,' and went off again as common.

"Before he was out of the yard they asked me for some, and I handed over the basket, but said, 'Mammy, if I couldn't ask Ruff into the house I wouldn't eat his apples.'

"So the next time he come, Mam asked him to come in and take a chair, but he said, 'No, thank you,' and went away.

"I used to slip out and talk to him at the fence; but old folks don't sleep sound, and they listened to us, and then they locked me up of nights in a cabin a good piece off to itself.

"Well, Mr. Ruff—that's Hans, you know—he found me out, and could open the padlock with a nail, and used to tote me fat pine of nights, and set up and be company for me. I reckon he come to see me more'n a dozen times, and he used to tell me a story about his parents away over in Africa, and it was so powerful interestin' I made him tell it so often that I know it by heart."

"Do tell me that," I asked, and she replied:

"Laws, Miss Mary, it makes the story a heap longer, but just as you say."

So there came a story within a story.

"I don't know only what Hans says, but it appears like there's a powerful river, or an ocean, he calls it, that runs between where white people stay and where black people stay, and its mighty hot there, and named Africa. Once upon a time there was a great nation, all black, and more nations all around, and them black too. I reckon like South Carolina and Georgia and Alabam', but I don't know. Well, in this nation the granddad—that's grandfather, you know—of Hans, he was a king over the nation, and that's more than a governor, or a justice of the peace, or a Freedmen's Bureau. This king was Hansell Ruff's grandfather, and that's his father's father, and he was a great man. It was a great country too. There was cocoa-nuts just like we grate up to make pies of, only growing wild on trees taller than pine; and monkeys and little niggers had to climb to get them. There was roots—I reckon they was like yams, for they cooked them—and there was the powerfulest timber and biggest leaves you ever heard of. Then there was elephants like come in the show to Augusta, and the colored people got their teeth to sell, and there was another sort of elephants in the big rivers; and in the big weeds and dark woods there was lions and more things, the biggest kind, that could whip a dog. Then there was birds, and one sort with bonnet feathers in their tails, and Hans says bigger than ten turkey-gobblers; but I don't believe all that. I don't believe much about the rattlesnakes that don't rattle and don't bite, but can swallow a child, nor the ant-hills as big as a cabin, nor that it ain't never cold there; but Hans says his grandfather see it all. It's all true, though, about one snake, because there's a snake-house, and some of the oldest kind of niggers, that is too old to be bit, they stay there and do their best to keep the snake in it. These old men take the little finger and toe bones of children that die, and put them into a skin with some bitter roots, and all the men have them, and so the big snake don't bite them. Hans had one, but I made him throw it away, for they don't stop snake bites here; for people have died in this settlement of snake bites, with the finger-charms in their pockets. But they do good over there, and save all but young girls. The snake bites them when nobody is about, and when they holler 'Snake! snake!' and people run, the snake is gone, and the girl done bit, and presently she gets mad and breaks things.

"Well, Hans's father's father he was the king, and besides Hans's father, that was a likely boy then, he had a girl child that he thought a power of, for she was the likeliest girl in Africa, and was to marry a king.

"She was grown, but people don't have any age by years in that country, and one day the girl was out alone, and, poor thing! the big snake was out of his house and bit her. She squalled, but when her father come it was gone, and she was mad, for the father of Hans remembered that she broke the water-gourd, and throw'd the skins for beds outdoors, and cut up powerful, and would look scared, and then stop and laugh fit to kill herself, and then cut up worse than ever.

"So the old men took her to the snake-house, as they always did, and got pay for it. They got some beads and red cloth, and lots of things for her; for she was a king's daughter, and he traded with white people.

"Well, the poor girl had to stay a month to be cured, and when she came back she wasn't good cured, for she cried all the time like she was sick and wanted to die; and she said it was all a story about the snake, for she never saw any, but the old men had told her to do that way, and they would make her husband good to her.

"Hans thinks she said so because she wasn't cured good, but pretty soon, after a while, she had a child, and never married the king but died. Then the king was proper mad, and he made a speech to all his company, that was bigger than a regiment; and they all went and piled brush over the snake-house and the old men in it, and burned them all up. Hans thinks that the conjure-bones they all had kept the old men from setting the snake on them; but leastways they did wrong, for they never had any good luck after that, or the king didn't.

"You see the snake-house was the snake-house of two nations and another nation—that's three; and they was mad at the sin of burning up the old men, and the young king was mad that he didn't get his wife; and so they made a fight with their two companies against the father's father of Hans and his one company.

"They had a way in that nation to find out things that would happen, and the way was to kill a colored girl, if they couldn't get a white man, and the king to eat just as much as he could possible hold of the body roasted, and sleep on the bank of a river as big as the Savannah.

"But this king was powerful tender-hearted, and he never allowed his people to eat people, and he said he wasn't agoing to do it himself. But, you see, in his sleep by the river a whole lot of little people, not bigger than monkeys, they would come to the king that was asleep, and form a ring, and dance. Then there was two kinds of them, and one kind was ugly like niggers from the way low down Africa, and mean and no sense, and never washed their clothes, and eat meat not baked, and was terrible ugly. The other set of little people was the prettiest kind of colored people, most white, and wore clothes out of flowers, and were the sort that know where elephants go to die, and know where the gold in the river comes from, and can walk on the air, and don't live in the ground like the ugly ones. Well, after all these join hands, and dance around the king, they all divide out, and then he sees the king his company has to fight, and all the little people take sides. Then the king that will whip in the fight always gets the pretty people on his side, and they always whip the upstart ugly ones. So when the king wakes up in the morning he knows if he or the other one will whip, and he is brave and fights, or else makes presents and gives up.

"So you see this king was powerful anxious to know it all, but he wouldn't eat men, and I don't blame him! Not even a girl taken in war would he eat. But, you see, he *must* know before he had the fight, and so he says, 'A dog is the next thing to a man,' and he had a dog baked, and eat all he could.

"He went to the river, and the people built the fires to keep lions away, and then left him to sleep.

"But he come back in the morning, mad as could be. He said that he eat too much to sleep sound, and the mosquitoes like to have bit him to death, and a lion would have eat him up, if it hadn't burnt its foot in the fire and run away. As for the little people, he hadn't seen any, and didn't believe there was any, nor any big snake to bite girls either.

"The young men thought as he did, but all the old ones cried, and said it was the worst sort of a sign; and all gathered roots for them to wear and not be killed. Also snake bones.

"Well, the fight come on, and it was the powerfulest fight ever known, except Bull Run. They kept fighting and fighting, one company against two companies, and the king that eat the dog and couldn't dream, he whipped all the others, and his son, that was Hansell's father, he kept with the king, and they fought all about, and run the others all over the woods, and run some into the river where alligators were waiting for them, and killed some in the woods, and took lots and killed lots.

"But this king he was too fast. He and his son, named Prince, as Hans says, they outrun every body and got right among the biggest kind of a crowd of the others that was running away. But these didn't like to be all killed by two people, even if they was a king and his son, so they killed the king and took his son and just carried him right along.

"The Prince, that's Hans's father, now his grandfather being dead, he expected to be cooked and eat up, but they carried him right to where the biggest river of all, named the ocean, was, then stopped and tied him all night. The next day he saw a boat as big as a steamboat only with white cloth for the wind to blow, just like that you showed me in my Reader, and said was a ship.

"That day for the first time he saw white men. He thought they bought him to eat, from the way they looked at him and felt of him, but when the axes and looking-glasses and beads were paid for him and a whole lot more, they took him in little boats on what you say is a ship. He liked it at first, but when they put trace-chains on his legs, and chained him and nearly five hundred more (so Hans says) altogether, and put them all down in a dark hole, then it was bad, and so hot they would all fight to get to the hole where they came down and get air. But the ship started, and then they all got dreadful sick, and no more fighting for air. They couldn't.

"It seemed like there was no other side to the river or ocean, but they must have been going up or down it, for they went day after day and never stopped. At first the water for drinkin' was good, and they could hear the wind blow and the salt-water wash the boat, and while the river wasn't steady but jolted them about terrible, still it wasn't so bad about air.

"But pretty soon the drinkin' water got worse and worse, and less to eat, and no fresh meat, and only hard bread, and the water would smell bad, and when they would throw it out and make signs for good water the white men would talk loud and whip them.

"Then the wind stopped blowing, and they thought they were there, for the ship didn't seem to go at all. But they were not there, for when some got sick and died they all had to climb up and run around on the roof that was flat, and the ones too sick to run got whipped, and all did if they went slow. The air was good up there, but the wind didn't blow, and they didn't go at all.

"Then Hans said his father said it was dreadful, for they were glad to get water at all, and only got enough to wet their mouths, and at first twice a day, and then only once; and that was worse than swamp water, for it was dirty and had wiggle-tails in it. Bread was scarce too, and hard and bad. Then Hans says the white men must have been bit by a snake and had no conjure-bones, from the way they cut up, for they slashed and beat the colored people all day long. They seemed to get mad to see them die, for they did die, and they would carry them up and the chains be taken off, and then they would be thrown in the water like dogs; and great fish got so used to it they would wait to eat them and jump like a minnow after bait.

"Down in the hole it was most awful hot, and such a smell as nobody ever heard of before nor since. But it was too bad to talk about among Christian people; and the listening to the dead men and the women and children going splash into the water, and thinking a fish might get him before he was good dead, was the worst part of all, so his father said.

"At last so many died that all there was left could get to the air-hole at once; and after days and days a wind came and they started again, and not so many died.

"They expected to get there soon, but neither bank of the ocean could be seen yet; and it was wide all the way since they started.

"At last there was land, and while they were most dead for water, they all danced and sung like mad.

"Well, the land wasn't Africa, but this side; and one dark night they all had to part wade, part swim, and got on the bank and had the chains taken off, and then walked into the woods and got good water, and meat, and bread.

"Then they walked to a rice plantation and a good man got them, for they were fed and had clothes, and learned to tend rice fields and get rice and catch fish. Hans says oysters come from there.

"One day Hans's father saw his master in washing, and saw one of the same fish that used to eat the dead trying to catch his master. So the old man, who was Hansell's father, and young then, he was close on the spot in the boat, and he jumped right into the water and cut the fish with his knife till the white man got into the boat. But just as he was helping Hansell's father in, and was safe himself, the fish, named a shark, caught the foot of the brave colored man and bit it right off.

"But the white man, his master, was a good white man, and took him to his own house and had him carried like a baby; and when he come to himself (for he was most dead from bleeding) he saw a doctor for the first time, and was nursed till his leg all cured up, only he had to have a crutch.

"Then the white man took him to the State of Kentucky and set him free, and gave him a hundred dollars and left him.

"When the old man was tired of Kentucky he come back to Georgia with his free papers, and liked these parts and staid here; and here he got married in his old age, and here Hansell Ruff, my husband, was born.

"So that is the end of the King of Africa, and that is the way Hans was always free. He was born so, like St. Paul was."

I laughed at her queer idea of the Roman citizenship of the Apostle, but said, "I like all of it very much, but you left off your own story when shut up of nights in the cabin. How long did that last?"

"A good while. But one time I hid to keep from being locked up; for, when Hansell did not come, I was afraid of ghosts."

"Did your father find you?"

"He did that; for he got me out, and then give me a lick on the back with his big stick that he kept to whip us with. I had to run fast to keep off the whipping; but Mam she begged for me, and so I got off, and that was near about the last of locking me up."

"Did your father ever find out that Hansell visited you in your jail?"

"I think so; for he come home one night from the field mad enough to turn white, only he didn't. He tore about and slapped all the little children and swore 'if Hansell Ruff ever came foolin' about him he would break his head.'

"I was scared; but Hans come about as usual. One Sunday I went to a meeting-house about five miles off to meet Hansell there. And there was Kezzy, or *Kezia*, as she called herself, who used to be Hansell's wife, and some of my friends told me not to eat any thing that day, for she had swore to poison me before I left the hill. I was dressed fine, and flew about as much as I could just to aggravate her, and she looked dangerous enough to bite. I got lots of cake, but was afraid to eat, and liked to have starved until Hansell got me some chicken and biscuit from his white folks, and I wasn't afraid of that.

"She was a mean thing, as old as Hansell, and black as tar."

"But how did you get married?"

"Why, you see, when Dad questioned my intentions I told him it was my intentions to have Mr. Ruff, and he got so mad that I was actually afraid. So me and Hans we pretended to have a falling out, and I didn't speak to him nor him to me for nigh onto a month. That fooled them all, you see, and they said I was sensible at last, and quit watching us.

"So one moonshiny night Hansell he hired a preacher, and both come to Tilla's cabin, right in the yard, and I slipped on a dress, and was soon there. When the preacher talked enough so they all said we were safe, they called Dad and Mam to come and see the rest of it. But they was so mad they wouldn't come, and he prayed a good prayer for us to live happy and be good, and said then that I was Mrs. Ruff, and for good.

"So Hansell made me a good husband, and I haven't seen one sorry day yet."

"Have you always kept together during the war?"

"Nearly always, for he followed me. Once he had to stay till Christmas at a place, because his word was to stay; but he come forty-seven miles on the cars Christmas-eve, and, as we had moved again, he walked about ten miles before day to find me.

"He kept close to me till freedom come, and since then we have had full and plenty, and old master is going to give us land to tend on shares, and maybe Hansell can buy it some day, and we have a home for our children when we are old and they grown."

This seemed the end of her story, for she said, "Your Pa will get a late supper if I fool away time here:" and soon she was returning from the spring balancing the cedar bucket that brimmed with water; and her attitude was much that ascribed to "Edna Earl," if her chant was not so grand nor thoughts so sublime. Her song was a triumphal contrast to Watson's, and something like this:

"Say, darkeys, have you seen ole massa,
With the mustach on his face,
Go along dis road some time dis morning
Like he's gwine to leab de place?
He seed de smoke way up de ribber,
Whar de Linkum gun-boats lay;
He picked up his hat and left very sudden,
I 'spec dat he's run away.
Massa run away!
Darkeys stay, oho!
Must be he know dat de kingdom's comin',
Or de year of jubilo!"

Since that day I have often thought of Lily's story, and while it lacks many of the true essentials of first-class literature, still it is much as she told it. I regret that I have forgotten many of her peculiar Africanized English expressions; for it is customary to put in all possible scraps of foreign learning; and if I could but interlard the foregoing pages with a few genuine quotations from the negro language they would be less understood, and hence more popular, than French or Greek.

This defect I confess; for even when I heard the story the language of Lily was good English for a country servant.

There is more than one hearty child now in the cabin which they may one day own, and as I see them from time to time beneath the sheltering arms of the great oak above their humble home, and behold the steady, honest labor which cheers their poverty and lessens it day by day, I ask myself, if for their children, if not for themselves, there is not a brighter beyond than this they now possess; a Canaan beyond some Jordan for their race?

Hansell Ruff is the most obedient and faithful of all his humble and faithful race, and yet his father was a freedman and his grandsire was a KING.

FLOATING FOR DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

OUR artist thus describes the subject of his sketch on page 677:

Some time after nightfall we lit the two candles in the jack and left the shanty, taking the trail for the lake a few rods distant. Finding the light skiff we quickly blew out the candles, and set the jack-staff in its position in the bow. MAX took his usual place in the stern. Shoving off I located in the forward seat with face toward the bow. Now all was quiet. Presently a slight rustle against the side of the boat, as she was urged with noiseless paddle among and through the broad lily leaves that girdle the shore. Some moments elapsed, during which time I had made some astronomical observations, and MAX had made a considerable distance with our little craft; now we were only floating, for the paddle, though still in the water, was motionless. It is almost indescribable: the stillness only broken by the occasional splash of a trout jumping for a miller, or the hoot of an owl far up on the mountain-side. Splash! splash! far down by the marsh at the lower end of the lake. I stop my musing. MAX's paddle is moving silently as ever, but each push is stronger. Splash! splash! again. The paddle-stroke is stronger, but no noise. I feel for my matches and the rough pebble that is to be used for lighting them. The paddle-stroke now is longer and slower. The boat is being headed directly toward the spot from which the occasional sound of the splashes seems to come. Again the paddle is still; match and pebble are ready. I am only awaiting MAX's signal—a slight jerk of the boat. Then the match is lit, and hidden in the hands until it burns freely; now up to the candles, which are lit in an instant, and the jack is turned fair to the front. The paddle is already sending the boat forward. MAX is no longer guided by the splash; two bright sparks of light glow through the darkness in front of us; these are the eyes of the deer. In a moment more there is a light spot discernible. Gradually this takes shape. The boat is just moving; my rifle is slung forward and cocked; now we are within twenty yards of a handsome buck. The motion of the boat has ceased. The slight jerk that comes from MAX is answered by a stream of fire which flames from the long black rifle-barrel: this for a single instant lights up the scene. The crack of the rifle echoes and re-echoes across the lake and among the forest-clad hills. "Only jumpt twice," quoth MAX. "Bustin' about over the Plains after buffaler an' the like ain't took none of the shoot off you, that's sure. The deer that was, venison that be, will now take a ride on the lake," remarked MAX, as we proceeded to haul the dead deer into the boat, and shove off for the shanty, on the way to which we laughed over the scenes that we had both witnessed while paddling green ones up to deer. "Many's the buck-shot-gun I've seen emptied by fellers close up to the wild cattle that climbs over these mountains without doing worse than getting up a scare for them," said MAX, as his now noisy paddle splashed and splashed again.

OCTOBER.

OH crickets, hush your boding song!
I know the truth it makes so plain—
Ye say that autumn dies ere long,
And soon the winter's wrath and wrong
Will chill the pallid world again.

Oh, mournful wind of midnight, cease
To breathe your low prophetic sigh;
Too clearly for my spirit's peace
I see the mellow days' decrease,
And feel December drawing nigh.

Fall silently, October rain,
Nor take that wailing under-tone—
Nor beat so loudly on the pane
The sad, monotonous refrain
Which tells me summer-time has flown.

Be charier of your golden days,
Oh goldenest month of all the throng!
Oh pour less lavishly your rays!
Hoard carefully your purple haze,
So haply it may last more long!

Spendthrift October! art thou wise
Who wastest in thy plenteous prime
More beauty on the earth and skies,
More hue and glow, than would suffice
To brighten all the winter-time?

Yes—better autumn all delight,
And then a winter all unblest,
Than months of mingled dark and bright,
Of faded tints and pallid light,
Imperfect dreams and broken rest.

Ah, better if our life could know
One wholly happy, perfect year,
One time of cloudless joy and glow—
And then its days of rayless woe—
Than this commingled hope and fear—

This doubt and dread which naught consoles—
Which marks our brows ere manhood's prime;
This dark uncertainty which rolls
Like chariot-wheels across our souls,
And makes us old before our time.

So pour your light, October skies,
Oh fairest skies which ever are!
Put on, O Earth, your bravest dyes,
And smile, although the cricket cries,
And winter threatens from afar!

THE HONEYMOON HOTEL.

IF you are getting on in years, and want to be reminded seriously of the flight of Time, I recommend you (and especially if you do not go to Chapel) to resort to the Honeymoon Hotel. The situation is "salubrious"—a word, by-the-by, that seems exclusively appropriated by advertisers—and the prospects it commands sublime. The charges, it is true, are enormous; but then it is not every hotel bill in which a great moral lesson is included. It is located on the southern coast of England, at the foot of a stupendous cliff, with a broad sloping fringe of garden-ground intervening between it and the sea. The cliff itself has also, by the ingenuity of man (aided, as I should think, by the suggestion of woman), been partially cultivated. The winding paths that have been cut in its face are not only adorned with flowers, which awaken thoughts, if not too deep for tears, at least of the deepest wonder as to how they ever got there, but also with innumerable arbors, each for the accommodation of two persons; for there the guests of the Honeymoon Hotel are to be found seated in fond pairs, hand clasped in hand, in ecstatic admiration of the scenery. The panting of the visitor gives sufficient notice of his approach to prevent their being discovered (as they often are in the garden below) looking at one another, and apparently with but one arm apiece. These couples are all young; some of them beautiful, and I dare say accomplished. They are egotistic, of course, or rather Dualistic. They have their being in one another. Land and sea seem to be made for them, and them only; and I may also add the Moon, which appears to have almost as great an attraction for them as for the tides. But I am anticipating. Had I had any idea of the objects of envy that would be presented to my notice, I would have stopped at home rather than have invaded, in company with my middle-aged consort, this Paradise, where every Eve was young as the morn. A broad hint of the state of affairs was indeed dropped by the driver of the coach which conveyed us to this retreat from the railway station; but at that time it was too late to alter our plans.

"Going to the 'Oneymoon 'Otel, are you, Sir?" said he. "A very favorite place that is with young couples, *and for the matter of that,*" added he, with a glance of apology (which was not by any means accepted) at my wife, "*with old uns too.*"

This was not a pleasant augury for our self-complacency during our little trip, I think; and it was borne out by the event. We were most favorably impressed, however, by the appearance of the hotel itself (which, of course, does not go by the name which I have given to it, or persons over thirty would avoid it); it is more like what is understood by the word Bower than an inn; yes, a Bower of Beatitude. It is overgrown with roses and honey-suckles; the front-door bell is so concealed behind a passion-flower that a stranger can scarcely find it. A gentle cooing, issuing from a lofty pigeon-house, pervades the spot, as though to indicate the presence of the human ring-doves within this Temple of Love. The apartments are as little like those of an ordinary hotel as of a lodging-house. They are well, and even tastefully furnished, and lavishly adorned with flowers. Books in elegant bindings, the contents of which are principally devoted to the tender passion, are strewed about the sitting-rooms. Byron and Moore seem the favorite authors. The tender passages are underlined in pencil, and there are copious annotations; opposite to the former writer's absurd description of Lara, I found written in a female hand: "How like my Charles!"

The above-mentioned poets are not particularly popular with us, but my wife and I were both annoyed when we found them removed upon the second day of our stay, and works of a much more sober character substituted for them: Hannah More's works, for instance, instead of Moore's. This was not the first slight that had been put upon us on account of our advanced time of life. I noticed that the waiter never ventured to enter any other sitting-room but ours without first knocking at the door, to apprise the devoted pair within. Now he never knocked at our door. There was, of course, no particular reason why he should, but I think (and my wife thought so to) it would have been more delicate in him to have done so.

The sitting-rooms all opened upon a lovely lawn, with rustic benches, adapted for two persons sitting pretty close to one another; and, besides, there was a veranda similarly provided. The inmates of the hotel shrunk from all public notice, and studiously avoided the acquaintance and even the observation of their fellow-couples, but this veranda afforded, nevertheless, some excellent opportunities to the natural historian. I subjoin some Observations upon Early Pairs—that is, on the character and conduct of newly-married couples, as observed daily from a shaded spot in our own parlor, and out of the corner of my eye.

The male bird is first seen. He perches himself on a bench outside, and casts retrospective glances into the sitting-room for the coming of the Beloved Object to make his tea. He is attired in as gorgeous plumage as though he were about to perambulate Pall Mall, instead of stroll upon the sea-shore all day. The newspaper lies folded on his knee. What are politics or polemics to Edwin when he is waiting for his Emma. Presently there is a flutter of some ample but delicate substance, and out she comes, in muslin, radiant as a star. She stoops down and presses her coral lips to his sublime forehead, then stands with one hand lightly resting on his shoulder, looking out upon the cerulean deep. She says something in a soft bewitching tone, eulogistic of the scenery. He replies with some pretty compliment upon herself. She pats his manly cheek rebukingly, and steps on to the lawn to pluck a flower for his button-hole; in doing so, she catches sight of the present writer, blushes like the rose she has gathered, and flits back with the dreadful news that they are not entirely alone. It is one of the prettiest pantomimes in the world. In some cases this performance is repeated, morning after morning; but in others the performance, after a day or two, varies considerably. Edwin gradually awakens from his dream of bliss, and begins to take an interest in the *Times.* I hear him ringing for the waiter and inquiring, in a tone of solicitude, if there are Prawns for breakfast. If he is a sluggard by nature, his old habit reasserts itself, and Emma will present herself first in the veranda, making a sunshine in that shady place. She cuts the newspaper for her lord, but never reads it; she may hold it up before her, but it is as likely as not to be upside down. If a smile irradiates her pretty face, it is of him she is thinking. Presently the wretch comes down to receive his tribute of a kiss (I hear it through the open window so distinctly, that it gives me quite a thrill), after which begins a tinkling of spoons—I allude to the breakfast service—and tender muffled talk. On the third morning the male bird smokes in the veranda, and I perceive that, instead of the pair of shiny shoes in which he has previously appeared, he wears slippers. The next day I catch him occasionally taking out his watch, as though time was going just a little slow at the Honeymoon Hotel; at the end of the week he yawns. I am sorry for Emma: but I can not say that I am displeased upon my own account. The contemplation of that unalloyed bliss was something too aggravating. Besides, I feel myself so superior to this careless bridegroom; I should treat his Emma so differently if she were *my* Emma; it seems to me that I should never get tired of her winning ways.

When I said that these happy couples made no acquaintance with their fellow-pairs, I did not mean it to be inferred that they took no notice of one another; quite the reverse. The rival Emmas would regard one another, when each thought the other was not looking, with the eye of a professional valuer or broker; one, so to speak, took stock of the other from head to foot, and certainly did not overestimate her value—the other Edwin's bargain. Yes, I am quite confident, from the expression of their faces while making these calculations, that they were not extravagant ones. The bridegroom might be injudicious enough to praise, but the bride only *appraised.* She took no notice of the other husbands whatever. You see there was only one man in the world as far as she was concerned; but she was not quite so certain that for her Edwin (although he was almost an angel) there was only one woman. At least upon no other ground can I account for her evident hostility toward those who seemed to me as lovely and innocent as herself. As for the rival Edwins, they were not aware of each other's existence.

The position of my wife and myself among these ring-doves was incongruous and embarrassing enough; but if a gentleman and his family were to arrive at the Honeymoon Hotel, I do not know what would be done. The diplomatic waiter would have to explain to him, I suppose, that he had mistaken the character of that establishment altogether. There is no accommodation for children; no facilities for the entertainment of "parties" exceeding two in number. The vehicles kept on hire are generally of that description which Mr. Punch has associated with sending articles to the wash; small basket-carriages, in which Edwin lolls like a lotus-eater while Emma drives the pony. Since the institution of the Ark, in fact, I should doubt whether any dwelling-place has been constructed so exclusively for the reception of Pairs as the Honeymoon Hotel. It is not adapted for the sober joys of matrimony, but is an asylum devoted to young persons laboring under mental delusion, intoxication, delirium. There is no visible restraint put upon the patients; the rooms are padded only in the sense of being exceedingly comfortable; yet the treatment pursued seems to be most efficacious. In a week, or a fortnight at most, there is a sensible improvement in almost every case. First, there are lucid intervals; and in time Reason completely reassumes her sway.

The intelligent proprietor favored me with many curious anecdotes concerning the afflicted persons who resorted to his establishment; but I do not consider myself justified in repeating them. The patients referred to are all thoroughly cured, and might recognize with pain the description of their short-lived lunacy. Upon the whole, I may say that no reformatory or other institution for the amelioration of my fellow-creatures which I have inspected, ever afforded me so much interest as did my observations at the Honeymoon Hotel. To the friends of "Those who are about to marry," I can most conscientiously recommend this well-conducted retreat; while even over elderly couples—for no bachelor would of course be admitted—the place will be found to exercise a wholesome effect. It will convince them of the absurdity of that period of their lives which they are accustomed to sentimentally regret as its palmy time. The bill being framed, like every thing else, for the benefit of young couples only, may be thought by others a little extortionate; but then, as I before observed, a great moral lesson is included (along with the fees to servants). It will be most unmistakably impressed upon you that you are not so young as you used to be; that you are out of the category of Honeymoon couples altogether; and that the description of bliss of which you are perhaps an impatient spectator, may be destined for your boys and girls in due time, but never more for you.

I confess, for my own part, that on one or two occasions I did feel just a little envious. Was it wrong? Ah, but if you had only seen the Emma!

Upon the whole, however, in our stolid, long-wedded matter-of-fact fashion, we enjoyed ourselves at the Honeymoon Hotel, notwithstanding that I saw we excited pity. Our beautiful little sitting-room was taken over our heads, as it were, by a couple of young people, evidently in the worst stage of the local malady, and whose united ages could not have exceeded forty. I heard the female patient make some remark concerning me, as I passed them in the hall, which I felt sure was of a complimentary character, but being a little deaf, I could not catch the exact words.

"What was it that charming pretty girl said about *me?*" inquired I of my consort as we drove away.

"I don't agree with you that she is pretty," replied she, severely; "but her remark was: 'How like that gentleman is to dear papa!'"

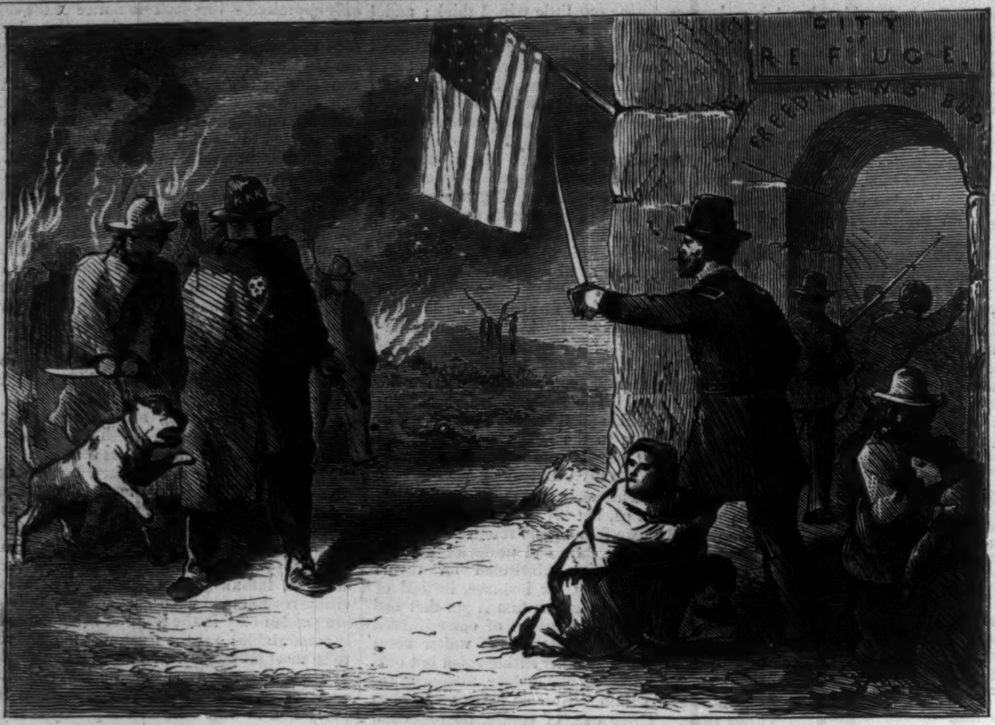
"Well, my love," replied I, "the coachman was right; we had no business at the Honeymoon Hotel, for we are a pair of old uns."

"Yet he added," said my wife, with a touching tenderness, "that we should find it pleasant, nevertheless, and I think we did so."

"My dear," said I, "you are an angel;" and although I dare say the remark has been heard often enough in the neighborhood of the Honeymoon Hotel, I doubt if it was ever so near the truth.

AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

THE Quarter-Master-General has requested us to publish the portrait of a soldier who died on the 28th of May, 1864, in the Armory Square Military Hospital in the city of Washington. When brought to the hospital this soldier was so weak that he could not give any information as to his name, regiment, or corps; and on searching his effects, which were taken charge of by the proper officer of the Government, a sum of money and the ambrotype or ferrotype of a child were found. Surgeon D. W. BLISS, then in charge of the hospital, caused a photograph to be taken after death, which we publish on page 684 at the request of the War Department, in the hope that it may lead to the restoration of his effects to his wife or child. Any inquiries in regard to him, with duplicates of the portrait of a child supposed to be his, and found among his effects, should, with other proof of relationship, be addressed to General M. C. MEIGS, Quarter-Master-General, Washington, D. C.


CITY of REFUGE.
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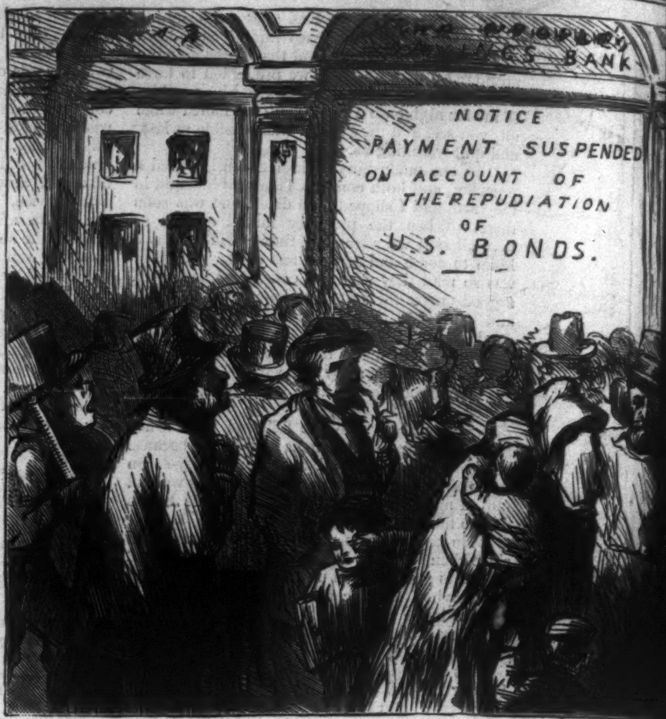
"MILITARY DESPOTISM."
"That Mailed Warrior whose Bayonets are now at the Throats of Eight Millions of People in the South."
—Frank P. Blair.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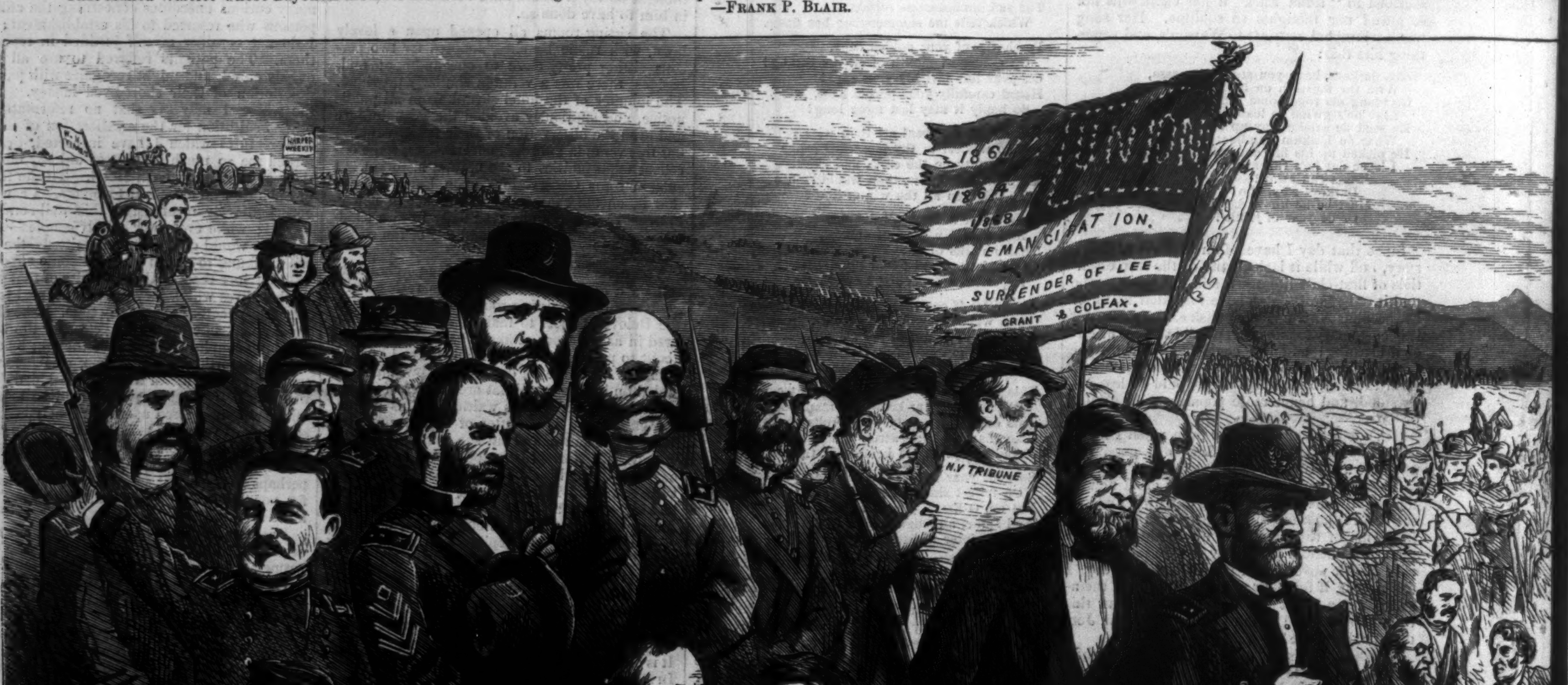
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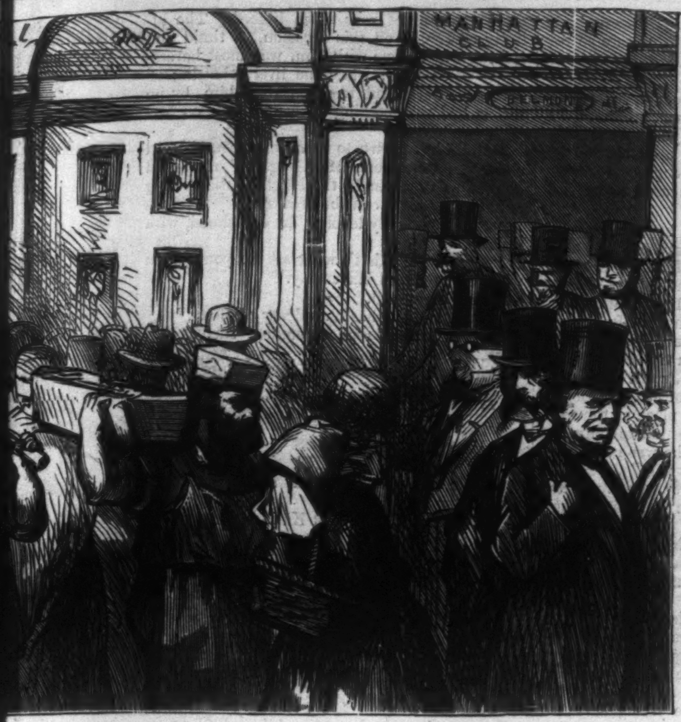
THE BOYS IN BLUE.

BOTH SIDES O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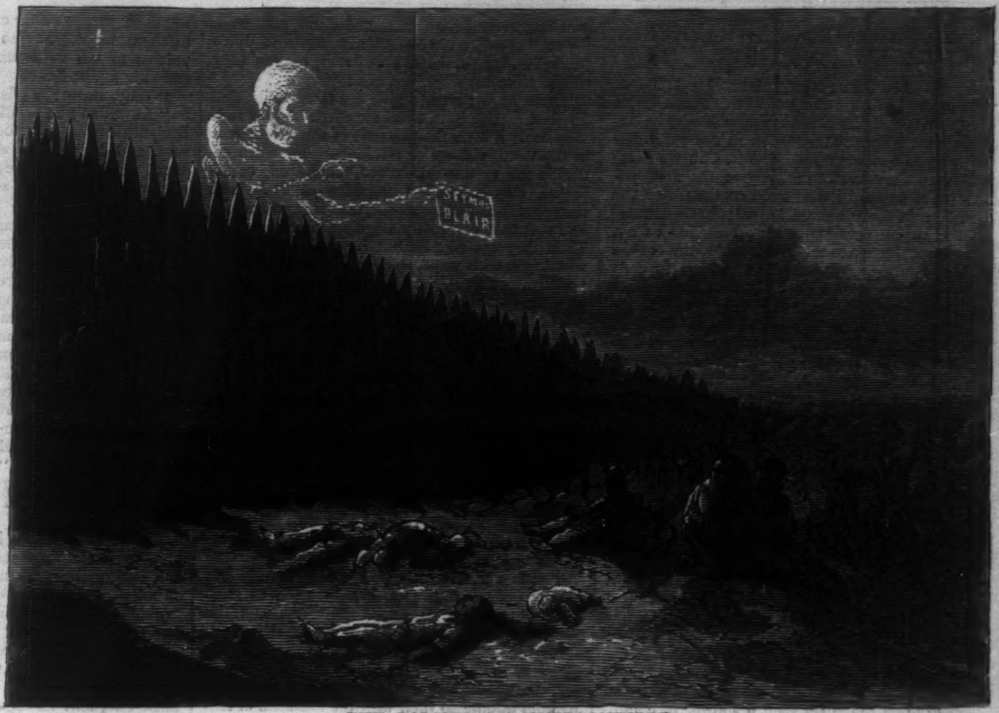
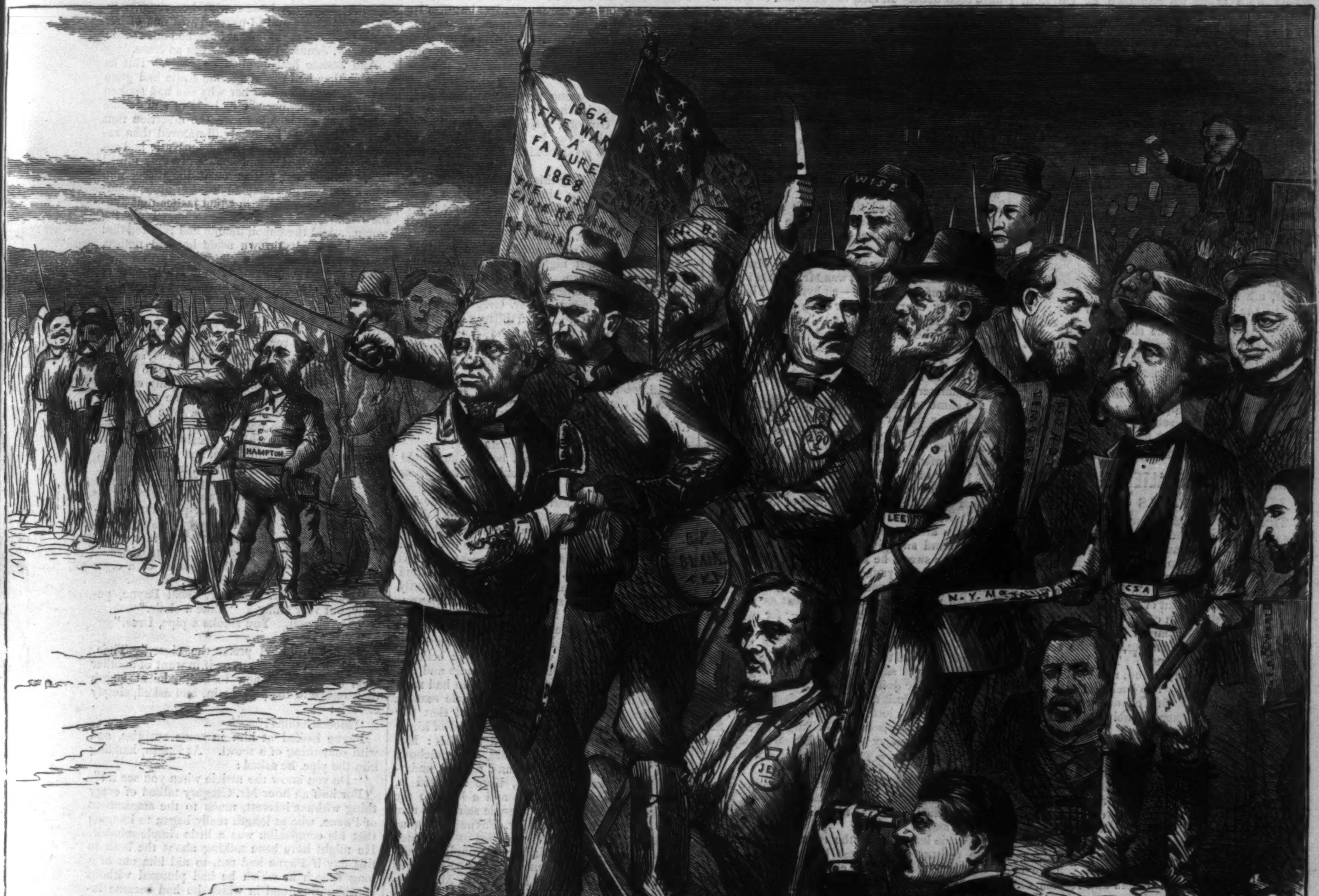
ERS" WHO WILL SUFFER.


SEYMOUR BLAIR

THE POLITICAL ANDERSONVILLE.

"Agree among yourselves, and act firmly on this agreement, that you will not employ any one who votes the Radical ticket. Use all the means that are placed in your hands to control this element."—WADE HAMPTON.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THE QUESTION.

THE BOYS IN GRAY.

DEMOCRATIC DEMONSTRATION IN NEW YORK CITY.

New York City is the grand political rendezvous of the Democratic party in this State. Blot out the city and the State is overwhelmingly Republican. The great question in the rural districts at any momentous crisis is, Can we overcome the Democratic majority of the metropolis? It is not to be wondered at, then, that the Democratic party should have "demonstrated" on the largest possible scale in New York City. Of course, the whole thing was under the control of the Tammany organization, which in July showed the measure of its shrewdness in the nomination of Seymour and Blair, and in the announcement of a political platform which on the one hand undermines the basis of our national credit, and on the other distinctly proposes revolution as the remedy of Democratic discontent. These results, to be sure, are not all to be accredited to the Tammany Society alone; Wade Hampton and other representatives of the late Confederacy had their say, and Vallandigham was not without a voice.

Tammany Hall was the centre of this recent demonstration. And how appropriate it was that General "Baldy" Smith, who has ventilated his not altogether unprejudiced notions of Grant's generalship in the New York *World*, should become the chairman of this grand Democratic mass meeting! General M'Clellan had been invited to preside on this occasion, but, as politely as possible, he had said to the Committee, "No, gentlemen, I thank you." But the General could not refrain from doing General Grant justice in the very face of those who had heaped upon the latter such a shower of calumnies—he has "the highest respect for the services he has rendered our country."

We need not publish in detail the speeches which were made by Sanford E. Church, Henry C. Murphy, Mayor Hoffman, and Allen C. Beach; the trite arguments of these politicians are too familiar to our readers to need either mention or refutation. Suffice it to say there was an immense crowd in attendance, and an immense procession, and that the Democrats were satisfied. The affair reminds us of two former occasions of the same sort, under the auspices of the same party—and both were followed by a crushing Democratic defeat.

THE SETTING STAR.

Set, pallid star, the yellow light
Is waking o'er the slopes of corn,
The autumned woods upon the height
Are golden-penciled by the morn.

Set, fading star, the happy sky
Is blushing at the kiss of day,
Set, ere thy saddened lustre die
In the rich rays that track his way.

Set, darkened star, the silver stream
That toned thy image through the night
Will lose it soon in fuller gleam:
Set, ere it learn a new delight.

Tremble no longer on the brink,
Droop downward, seeking skies of rest,
Droop downward, setting star, and sink
Before the twilight leaves the west.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CHARACTERS

AS WELL AS CASES.

There is not a pleasanter sea-side resort in the country than Sand Haven, and it is most especially pleasant because, possessing all the picturesqueness of Newport and Long Branch, it also has a quiet which they never enjoy—at least never in the season. It is an old town with a quaint history—not unlike that of dozens of other towns along our northeastern coast, but still interesting alike to annual antiquarian visitors like myself, and the casual fashionables, like the score of others, who are here now. The beach is very fine, the sea view very grand, and the surrounding scenery, a mile or two back from the beach, very picturesque, and of a character to make one wonder why the ancient inhabitants of these gable-roofed houses, with such immense dormer windows, gave the town such a misnomer as Sand Haven.

Its attractions are greatest for old people like myself, but you are not to imagine that there are no young people to be found here. It is chiefly the resort of quiet people, but you are not to infer that no "rapid" men or "lively" ladies ever come here in the summer. Its economy makes it the resort of people with shattered fortunes as well as shattered constitutions, but you are not to suppose that all the visitors and residents are shabby-genteel people and consumptives. For we have, among both the visitors and the residents, young and gay, healthy and wealthy people; and there can not be found in any part of the world more charming young women, or more perfect young gentlemen, than the pair of couples of Sand Haven whose romance has just concluded with the present season, and of which this is the faithful chronicle.

You must know that we have no grand hotels and summer cottages here as at Newport and Long Branch. The visitors to Sand Haven beach find comfortable shelter and good board in these same gable-roofed and dormer-windowed houses of the residents. And each resident thinks it as obligatory on him or her to take a summer boarder or two, as a good Methodist does to care for at least one Minister during Conference. And one of the most prompt and pleasing in the exercise of this remunerative duty is the Widow Pernell, whose little Gothic-like cottage is one of the most popular in the village—at least it has been heretofore, though I should not be surprised to find that next season will reveal a decline in its popularity, since Jennie and Kate, who were the secrets of the old house's attractiveness, have flown, or fled, or been abstracted, as you may choose to call it when you get through.

The Widow Pernell's girls are by all odds, and for that matter have been for three or four seasons back, a little the prettiest of the pretty girls in the town, visitors or residents. They are of the Saxon type—fair-haired, blue-eyed, coral-lipped, rosy-cheeked, with skins as white and transparent as alabaster, and that skin so smooth and soft that one's very fingers ache to touch it. Then they are so pleasant in their manner, so winning in their ways, so cheerful, obliging, complaisant, innocent, and modest, that they have won the favor of all who visited the house.

The ages of Jennie and Kate are respectively twenty-one and nineteen, and, of course, they have had for years back plenty of admirers. All kinds of flattering compliments were paid to them. But they took no heed of all these smart sayings and tender looks; they thought that every one was singularly kind to them, and they endeavored to respond to it by making themselves as agreeable and as chatty as they possibly could. Indeed, some conceited fops imagined because they received a cheerful answer and a smiling glance that they had made an impression. Nothing of the sort! They were forgotten as soon as they were away.

The fact is, the girls were too constantly and closely occupied to pay any attention to side-winded remarks, direct compliments, and the somewhat impudent leers to which they were subjected. There were so many to serve, so many demands to honor, so many wants to supply, that they had as much as they could do without adding to their task the nuisance of listening to the rubbish which would have been poured into their ears if they had had time to listen to it or had given the opportunity for it to have been done. In fact, the girls had so grown into womanhood, surrounded by flirts, and were so thoroughly schooled by witnessing the arts of others in flirtation, that it is no wonder that education and natural inclination combining they were perfect little coquettes. But they coquetted without design, with just the same innocence that the bee coquets with the flower; and in all the love scenes which naturally ensued they were so lively, so lovely, so kindly, and sensible withal, that the susceptible youths, who were continually protesting and proposing, could never recall a premeditated encouragement on their part, or any thing harsh in the laughing refusals which were sure to follow their proposals. They laughed at love, and laughed through life as merry as crickets and busy as bees about the Gothic hive which their old mother with their aid kept in such perfect trim.

The earliest applicant for a room at Mrs. Pernell's this season now past was Mr. Gerald Payne, a young professional man—a physician, I believe, but one by courtesy rather than practice. He had more money than patients, and could afford to neglect the few he had while he spent the summer at the beach; and being of a quiet and somewhat sentimental turn of mind he chose Sand Haven and the Widow Pernell's as the place for a summer's dream in '68.

He came to Sand Haven and lounged on the beach for a day or two alone, and then, like all the rest of them, he succumbed to the indoor attractions, and lounged about the Widow Pernell's, preferring to listen to the singing of her pretty birds rather than to those of nature. I have since been told that he had remarked to Mrs. Pernell on the first evening of his stay that her "daughters were full of spirits," and that, a few days after, encountering Kate with a broom in her hand sweeping the little parlor and singing as she swept, he had remarked, "You must be a very happy young lady, Miss Kate, you are always singing at your work."

"Oh yes! I suppose I sing just as you gentlemen whistle at your work—'for want of thought.'"

"Ah! but some men whistle when planning deepest; are we to suppose you are plotting mischief when you sing? I shall have to give you credit then for doing much."

"I won't admit that I mean mischief; Jennie is the mischief plotter—at least the mischief has come to her; she is woefully changed lately. She used to be as merry as a cricket and as happy as I am. Now 'see where the poor thing comes moping.'"

"I fancied your sister was of a more sentimental turn of mind than yourself."

"So she is lately, but it is a new character for her, I assure you."

Jennie had entered the room and blushed as she comprehended these last sentences. Had they indeed noticed a change in her manner? Had she indeed changed in character? She was forced to admit she had; but what or who had effected the metamorphosis? Perhaps the explanation was to be found in her first words.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Payne," she said; "you are to have a delightful companion in the house."

"You should have previously congratulated me on already possessing two," he replied, trying to be gallant.

Jennie blushed, but Katie burlesqued his manner, and laughed at his sentiment; then Jennie hastened, with some little confusion, to explain.

"Mother has a letter," she said, "from Mr. Gregory—the one who was here last summer, Katie—and he is coming down to stay the summer through with us. You do not seem overglad."

Katie had evinced a sudden serious or sentimental disposition on this announcement, and when her sister noticed and remarked on it, she blushed as palpably as her sister had. But she recovered herself with more readiness, and instantly replied,

"Oh, I see no reason to be glad. The two gentlemen will be either bathing or smoking all the time, and in either case we shall see nothing of them, for there is no object in Nature so repulsive to me as a man in a bathing-suit or smoking a pipe."

"Why, Katie!" exclaimed Jennie.

"Now, don't be prudish, Jennie," retorted the lively little beauty; "you know you feel the same way, and I don't see why we need conceal it. But I am glad Mr. Gregory is coming, for he is a clever, good fellow, and you used to be real fond of him."

Mr. Gregory duly made his appearance, and was duly installed in his old quarters. The duty of receiving him devolved on Jennie. She and Katie and Mr. Payne were in the parlor—Jennie knitting; Katie chatting like a little chatter-box, and saying all sorts of saucy things to Mr. Payne, unmindful of the exclamations and frowns of her sister; while Payne lounged on the sofa, and indolently admired the handsome Jennie at the window. But on the appearance of Mr. Gregory in the distance—Jennie from her place at the window had discovered him—Katie in some confusion fled from the room, declaring she was in no condition to see any one, "except you," she said to Mr. Payne, on noticing her error, "and you are quite domiciled now; I look on you quite as one of the family."

Jennie at this bent lower than ever over her knitting, and Payne stammered out half aloud, half to himself, some stupid answer or comment on the young girl's words.

Jennie soon put aside blushes, and knitting, too, to receive the new guest, and was most profuse in her welcome of Mr. Gregory. Payne saw, with some discontent, that the young man was, by virtue of a former season in the house, on most excellent terms with the young lady; he noticed the cordiality and ease of Miss Jennie's welcome, and not being a very profound student or close observer of human character, concluded at once that the ease, as well as the cordiality, was due, not only to the familiarity, but also to the affectionate nature of their former intercourse. "Wise judges are we of each other," as the poet says; but most we err when judging of the motives, feelings, thoughts, and passions of the opposite sex.

When the two young men were introduced, they glared at each other for a minute or two.

"This Mr. Gregory," said Payne to himself, "is here to make love; he looks it in his dress and style. He's good-looking, too, and has the inside track of me."

"I wonder how long this chap has been here," said Mr. Gregory to himself. "He has been making love, that's evident; but I rather fancy it's not to Jennie, or she wouldn't be so delighted to see me. It must be Kate."

Another wise Daniel come to judgment, this!

It was not until nightfall that Katie again made her appearance. It was at the tea-table, and she looked all blushes and beauty, and gave the tips of her fingers to Mr. Gregory with as much hesitancy as a miss of thirteen. He was evidently overjoyed to see her again, and said so, in a stammering way; but only to add to her confusion. He offered her a seat at the table beside him, but she took care to avoid accepting it, and, seating herself beside Mr. Payne, remarked "that this was her place." And Jennie, speaking with unusual liveliness, added, "You shall sit next to me, Mr. Gregory. I've no doubt we shall get along charmingly."

Gregory did not smile and bow as he should have done, and Mr. Payne only scowled across the room at him.

A week of the most comical adventures followed. Mr. Gregory was, in Mr. Payne's opinion, almost engaged to Miss Jennie, and she was desperately fond of him. She was as lively as a cricket in Mr. Gregory's company—as silent as a mouse in his own. While she was sad and sentimental with him, she was most pleasantly sharp and agreeably sarcastic with Mr. Gregory. If they went to the beach, Jennie was sure to avoid, and Kate appeared only too eager to accept his escort. And the natural consequence of all this was, that while Mr. Payne believed Mr. Gregory to be in love with Jennie and she rather fond of him, Mr. Gregory, who had really been in love with Kate for a whole season, was certain that Payne had secured that fair damsel, and that she was only too fond of him.

The quartette went to church together: Mr. Payne offered his arm to Jennie, and somehow, by a seeming arrangement and natural understanding between the girls, Kate accepted it, while, much to the chagrin and a little to the confusion of Mr. Gregory, Jennie seized his arm with what appeared to Mr. Payne an undue haste; and thus the girls marched off with each other's lovers. By a similar seemingly preconcerted arrangement Jennie was seated as far as possible from Mr. Payne and next to Mr. Gregory in the pew, while Kate slily slipped her mother between herself and Mr. Payne. This little trick was the only consolation which the day and the service offered to Mr. Gregory.

During the remainder of the day Payne managed to have a little serious talk with Jennie, though mainly in the presence of Mr. Gregory, who, deprived of the company of Katie (that young lady, contrary to her usual wont, having somewhat secluded herself of late), made himself conspicuous in intruding upon Jennie and Mr. Payne. "He makes himself agreeable to the sister when the other is absent. Decidedly politic young man he is," thought Gregory. As for Jennie, she was half delighted, half vexed at this play of cross-purposes, while Mr. Payne was thoroughly provoked at the want of consideration on Mr. Gregory's part. The same evening the two young men asked the girls to take a walk, and they accepted, but, either through design on the part of the girls or confusion on that of the men, Jennie walked with Gregory and Kate with Mr. Payne; and much to the distress of the two lovers the girls seemed to enjoy their companions very much indeed. The hilarity of Jennie on this occasion, so timid and retiring when alone with him, was most harassing to Mr. Payne; while the lively chatting of Katie, so quiet and reserved with him, by no means had the soothing effect of music on Mr. Gregory.

"Katie has grown to be a very beautiful girl since you were here, Mr. Gregory," remarked Jennie, as they caught the laugh of that young lady above the roar of the breakers.

"She is perfectly lovely!" he exclaimed, with ardor.

"Isn't she? That's what all the young men who come to Sand Haven say."

Gregory groaned.

"I suppose she has had plenty of offers."

"Any number," replied Jennie, "such as they were."

"And she has accepted none." questioned Gregory, hastily.

"None as yet."

"Not even—his?"

"His? whose?"

"Payne's—Dr. Payne's?"

Jennie stopped short, and stared at him in some surprise.

"Do you not think that Katie and Payne are engaged?" he queried again.

"I never heard of it," she answered, with a perplexed and astonished look on her face.

"Do you not think the indications are very strong that there is or will be such an engagement?"

"I can't believe it possible," she answered, in a tone which was meant less for him than herself.

This conversation had a singularly enlivening effect on Gregory, but Miss Jennie became depressed in spirits for the rest of the day, and once or twice during the walk, after the couples had joined each other, she gave some instances of being in a bad humor with her sister. In fact, so sarcastic and ill-natured was one of her replies that Kate, somewhat hurt, had answered:

"Why, Jennie, I never saw you so cross."

And Jennie had deigned no reply. But as soon as they had reached home Katie had gone to her sister, and asked her why she had spoken to her in the manner she had. But still Jennie refused any explanation save the assertion that it was "better to be openly ill-natured than secretly deceitful." And thereupon Katie had remarked that Jennie had apparently determined to be both. And further on in the discussion, which resulted in no explanations or understanding, Katie remarked with equal justice that Jennie's character had suddenly changed for the worse. And thereupon Jennie had retorted that Katie had lately thrown aside her old nature, and was as changed in character as in heart. And in such criminations and recriminations they rapidly progressed to angry and disappointed woman's great Lethe—a flood of tears!

Something of the same circumstances led Mr. Gregory to the room of Mr. Payne, but it was not so much to remonstrate with him as to explain to him his situation. He was satisfied that a mutual understanding would be to the interest of both. Jennie's denial of any engagement between Katie and Mr. Payne had greatly encouraged him, and when Payne answered "Come in" to the knock of Mr. Gregory, that gentleman entered with a clearly defined smile illuminating his countenance, and beautifying it, as a smile always does any face, male or female, though unfortunately few people seem to know this simple fact of physiognomy.

But encountering the not over-pleasant countenance of Mr. Payne, Mr. Gregory became somewhat confused, and he discovered the task of explanation was not so easy as he had imagined.

"I called to—to ask the pleasure of a cigar with you," he began, hesitatingly.

"Certainly, Sir, certainly," said Payne, politely, but very stiffly. "Take a chair."

"Thank you. You smoke a pipe, I see."

"Yes."

"I never did—I prefer the cigar." Then, hesitating for a moment, as if in want of another idea, or undecided how to begin, he at length took refuge in the pipe again, and asked, simply enough:

"Meerschaums?"

Payne looked at him in some surprise, and with something of a scowl. At length, handing him the pipe, he asked:

"Do you know the article when you see it?"

For half an hour Mr. Gregory talked of every thing without interest, much to the amazement of Payne, who at length really began to imagine that his companion was a little simple-minded. He might have been talking about the bush to this day if Payne had not, to aid him out of a long speech in which he had plunged without consideration, and in which he had become inextricably confused, remarked very quietly:

"You seem to be in high spirits to-day."

"And I think I have great reason to be. The fact is, I came to tell you about the cause of my great happiness, and to—well—really to come to a mutual understanding with you about—about—in fact, about the girls."

"Sir."

"You see, Doctor, I had the happiness this evening to be walking with Miss Jennie."

"I am aware of that, Sir. It seems to me that you have had that pleasure very frequently of late. But it is a subject we have no right and I have no disposition to talk about; so, if you please, we'll have no more of it."

"I was only going to say that I had what was to me a very important and pleasant conversation with Miss Jennie."

"Sir, I don't want to hear of your conversations with any body."

"It was on a subject in which you are concerned."

"Sir! [illegible] do you suppose me to

be concerned in the mutual affairs of you and Miss Pernell? Now, once for all, no more of it—I shall be obliged to you if you will retire."

"I only sought an explanation. Miss Jennie was good and kind enough—"

"Leave the room, Sir!" exclaimed Payne, starting up—"leave the room, or I shall put you out."

"I must say you are very unreasonable. It was only in regard to an engagement of marriage—"

Payne could stand no more, but instantly seizing Gregory he attempted to thrust him from the room. But Gregory had no intention of allowing such an indignity, and in a second more the two men were struggling with an energy that produced noise enough to rouse the Seven Sleepers, if they had been occupants of the gable-roofed cottage of Mrs. Pernell instead of caves with unpronounceable and unrecallable names. At any rate, it did rouse the widow and her daughters, and they rushed into the room to bring the combat to an end by their presence. It needed only an exclamation each from the two young ladies, and a scream from the old lady, to bring about a cessation of hostilities, if it did not produce actual peace. And a minute or two after both young men, heartily ashamed of themselves, began apologizing in answer to these demands of the widow and her daughters, viz.:

WIDOW. "Bless my soul, gentlemen, what air ye abeout?"

JENNIE (*appealing to Mr. Payne*). "Do pray be calm, Doctor, and explain."

KATIE (*to Gregory*). "Fighting, Mr. Gregory! I'm astonished at you."

"I beg ten thousand pardons, ladies," began Payne; "I began the attack, which I am heartily ashamed of."

"I am very sorry, ladies," said Gregory, "but I was attacked and had to defend myself."

"I had ordered this gentleman to leave my room," said the Doctor. "He intruded here ostensibly to take a smoke, but ended by insulting me."

"I deny that; I came to explain—"

"There was—there is nothing to explain; leave the room, if you please."

"I shall not go."

"Oh, gentlemen, don't quarrel!" exclaimed the widow.

"I hope you will be calm, Doctor," pleaded Jennie, taking his arm and endeavoring to draw him away. "Mr. Gregory, if you do not keep quiet and explain peacefully I'll never like—I'll never speak to you again."

"I insist, Mrs. Pernell, on explaining," said Mr. Gregory.

"Please to retire, Sir, and explain elsewhere."

"No, Sir; I'll explain here, and before all parties."

"Miss Pernell, I trust you will understand, and will make this very dull gentleman understand, that any further remark on the subject must be odious to me."

"*I* understand!" exclaimed Jennie. "I *do not* understand, and I don't know what subject you mean."

"Are you determined to insult me, also?"

"I insult you! Why, Dr. Payne, I—I am incapable of such a thing."

"You do not know what he came here to tell me?"

"I certainly do not," she answered. "I am totally in the dark."

"Then he is merely a boaster? Did you have no conversation with him to-day upon—upon—love affairs?"

"I certainly did not."

"There, Sir, you hear that!" exclaimed Dr. Payne. "Why, Mrs. Pernell—Miss Jennie, he came here and began telling me that he had been this very evening engaged in marriage to you."

"Sir!" exclaimed Gregory, indignantly.

"Mr. Gregory," exclaimed Jennie, "how could you say such a thing?"

"It is false, I said nothing of the sort."

"Oh, gentlemen, gentlemen!" pleaded the widow, "I hope you don't mean to quarrel and fight about my girls."

"I assure you, Madam, those were his words. He spoke of his engagement to Miss Jennie—"

"No! no! no!" persisted Gregory.

"Of how happy she had made him."

"No, no!"

"And could I be expected to hear patiently words that were the death-warrant of my love? for you must know, you must have felt, Jennie, how I loved you."

"Loved her!" exclaimed Gregory, "I had supposed you were engaged to Katie, and it—"

"Engaged to me!" exclaimed Katie. "Nothing of the sort. I never gave him the slightest encouragement."

"Then you do not love him?"

"Love him! no, why should I?"

"And you are free to love me?"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Dr. Payne.

"Then it was about a supposed engagement between Katie and me that you were talking about, and I suppose you engaged to Jennie."

"Precisely; and you are not engaged?"

"Not to Katie, but—" And he turned to Jennie, but she had quietly slipped from the room.

"What a couple of fools we have been!" exclaimed Gregory. "I beg your pardon a thousand times. And Katie—" he turned to see her disappearing through the door. The two young men stared at each other for an instant; then, as if suddenly inspired with the idea that the hour of fate for them had arrived, they rushed off in different directions in search of the fair Oracles who were to pronounce their sentences. A few minutes afterward Dr. Payne was at the feet of Jennie in the parlor; while Mr. Gregory had surprised Katie in the dining-room engaged in the household duty of dusting in a vain effort to hide her confusion, and in equal confusion and much more ardor insisted on clasping the blushing beauty, dirty duster and all, to his palpitating bosom.

And in the mean time Mrs. Pernell was left standing in the centre of the room "the monarch of all she surveyed," and alone she still remains, for at the close of the season her summer lodgers carried her girls off to winter residences in the city; and thus these circumstances which I have narrated altered the characters and conditions of all the personages concerned in more senses than one.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A NEW style of postage-stamps will soon supersede those now in use. The contract for the supply has been awarded by the Postmaster-General to the National Bank Note Company of New York. The new stamps will be somewhat smaller than those in use at present, and are delicate and elegant engravings. Three of the set illustrate the postal service; the two-cent stamp represents a primitive mail-carrier on horseback, such as is still necessary among the sparse population of the West; the three-cent stamp shows a mail train, as illustrating the land-service, while the twelve-cent denomination exhibits a steamer at sea, as an exemplification of the ocean mail. The five-cent stamps bear a portrait of Washington, being an accurate copy of Stuart's picture at the White House. The ten and thirty cent stamps are real gems; the former being a miniature copy of Trumbull's, "Signing the Declaration," and the latter of his "Surrender at Yorktown," from the national pictures at the Capitol. A convenient and certain method of canceling stamps is a matter of great importance in the postal service. In country offices the stamp is canceled with pen and ink; and this is considered effectual in consequence of the checkered or embossed surface which may be seen on the back of stamps. This puncture or embossing breaks the fibre of the paper and permits the commonest ink to form what is regarded as an ineffaceable union with the material on which the stamp is printed. Some new and ingenious modes of cancellation have been submitted to the Post-office Department, but they were considered too complex, and the old method will continue in use.

Apropos of canceling postage-stamps, we recently heard from a reliable source a very good story. Some time ago a respectable-looking individual, wearing a wise and mysterious look upon his countenance, waited upon the authorities of the London Post-office. He announced that he had discovered a method of removing the cancellation mark from stamps so perfectly that it could not be detected. The statement was doubted, and he desired an opportunity to prove it. At his request he was left alone with a letter on which was a canceled stamp. In a few moments he exhibited the letter with an unsullied stamp upon it, which was identified as the same one. The officials were eager to know the secret, but the discoverer demanded five hundred pounds for revealing it. This, at length, being promised, he proceeded to exhibit his *modus operandi*. He took from his pocket a little bottle, a small sponge, and a bit of Castile soap. "This is soft water in this bottle," he explained, "and I pour a little on this sponge, *so*—and then rub a little soap on the sponge, *so*—and then I rub the stamp very gently, *so*"—manipulating a canceled stamp with great tenderness—"*very* gently, or you will injure it; and then I take a little more water, and a little more soap, and rub a little more, and by-and-by the stamp is perfectly clean, as you will see!" A London gentleman having afterward received from Washington an official document with a long row of stamps upon it, removed by this process the cancellation marks with not a little pains, and returned the stamps to the sender, offering to sell the secret reasonably! Whether the Government responded to the jocose proposal is uncertain.

Extensive fires have been raging in the woods and prairie lands of Oregon. In the Wallamet Valley the sun for many days was only visible at mid-day, and then obscured by the dense atmosphere. Traveling has been dangerous both by land and water on account of the thick smoke.

A "Medicinal Mud Mound" is reported from Brazoria, Texas. It covers an area of about half a mile in diameter. It is a round, conical elevation about two hundred feet above the level of the surrounding prairie. On a part of this mound is found an acid earth, a little of which acidifies water so strongly that it operates an ordinary telegraph battery.

But what gives special interest to the mound is the fact that water in which the earth has been steeped has recently been found to possess medicinal virtues. Every man can have medicinal water at his door by obtaining a barrel of this sour earth, which commands at this time more per bushel than corn. For the invigoration of the system from the lassitude following long attacks of intermittent fever, the water in which this sour earth has been steeped is considered a sovereign remedy.

There is a telegraph operator in St. Louis who lost his hearing some years ago and then learned the art of telegraphy, in which he has become a remarkable adept. His method of receiving a report is exceedingly interesting. Not hearing a single sound he places his hand upon the working instrument, or his knee against the operating table, and by his peculiar and sensitive nerves, feels every vibration so distinctly that he is able to surpass ordinary receivers in the accuracy of his reports. He hears nothing about him, is never disturbed, and consequently works in a silent world of his own.

We may be wiser in our generation than those of olden times regarding the manner of punishing offenses and misdemeanors; but our ancestors had some very correct notions, and believed those who willfully trifled with the public health should be dealt with severely. In 1311 a London baker was arrested for selling putrid bread; and a man and woman suffered the punishment of the pillory for selling bread made of bad materials and deficient in weight. Some years later a certain dealer was sentenced to be put upon the pillory, and two putrid beef carcasses to be burned under him for exposing the said carcasses for sale. Similar instances are numerous among the old records of London. In the time of Henry V. the adulteration of wines and the sale of false wines were punished by the pillory.

The Sixth Fair of the Mechanics' Institute which has been recently held in San Francisco is pronounced a great success. The edifice erected for the occasion, embracing nearly the whole area of a public square, contained articles exhibited by nearly 1000 persons. By far the larger portion of these articles represented the inventive and mechanical genius, the manufacturing enterprise and products of California. Many inventions adapted to local wants have been exhibited, one of the most remarkable of which is a steam plow, which seems likely to be a practical success. An interesting exhibit was made of the new silk industry, which, it is now conceded, will be an ultimate success in California.

Some poet made out a list of no less than forty signs of rain as an excuse for not going on an excursion with a friend, once upon a time. It is very certain that the sensibility of many animals and plants to the condition of the atmosphere will often indicate with certainty approaching changes in the weather. When a storm is pending, the spider shortens the thread of his web, and lengthens it again when the storm is about to pass off. The swallow is also an infallible barometer, flying low, almost touching the earth, and uttering a low, plaintive cry before rain, but sailing back and forth high in the air during settled weather. The goose manifests great uneasiness before rain, plunging into the water, and rapidly returning to the land. The chirp of the cricket is a sign of fair weather, but the cry of the tree-toad indicates rain. When the air is overcharged with moisture the odor of flowers is strong and penetrating, and in dry weather is soft and agreeable.

When grapes are nearly mature they will, it is said, endure pretty severe cold without injury. It is not necessary to gather them because a few cold nights come early in the season. The Indian Summer days will help to thoroughly ripen them, and many persons think they are sweeter after one or two frosts. Indeed, it has been noticed that most matured fruits, while they remain upon the tree, will endure a great deal of cold without injury.

There are at the present time more than five hundred and fifty woolen mills in seven of the Western States, having altogether a capital of about $5,500,000. Hence some estimate may be formed of the amount of wool necessary to keep these mills in operation. Western wool is beginning to be consumed at home, as Eastern manufacturers are realizing.

According to official reports, there were 1730 persons married in New York city during the month of August, and 1466 during September.

The Paris Academy of Science has conferred the degree of Bacheliere-des-Sciences on a young Russian lady. It is worthy of note that Russian ladies have evinced a decided taste for solid studies. Public classes have been opened for them in St. Petersburg, and there has been a rumor of the establishment of a university for women in that city. Ladies who have studied medicine are permitted to practice in St. Petersburg.

It is estimated that sugar-candy is consumed in the United States at the rate of 250,000 pounds a day.

From the report of the Working Women's Home in this city we learn that at present there are not far from two hundred and fifty boarders who occupy the Home, the expense being about $3 50 a week for each person. The object has been to furnish every thing at the lowest possible prices. About four hundred boarders can be accommodated in the building. Similar Homes have been established in Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities.

The following incident is related by M. Alexandre Dumas, Jun., in the preface of the second volume of his plays. After a long absence from Paris he went to the village near the French capital where George Sand lived. He inquired of many persons, "Which is George Sand's house?" But nobody could tell him. At length, on asking a woman, who was evidently quite wealthy, she replied, "George Sand? Why, isn't she the lady who is in the papers?"

Annie Thomas, author of the "Dower House," recently published by the Messrs. Harper, is considered as among the best of living English minor novelists. She writes in a quiet but forcible style, her power of description being one great secret of her success.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE MAN WHO WAXES STRONG EVERY DAY.—The shoemaker.

Dean Swift hearing of a carpenter falling through the scaffolding of a house which he was engaged in repairing, remarked that he liked to see a mechanic go through his work promptly.

According to the latest definition, a bachelor is a man who has lost the opportunity of making a woman miserable.

HOME SCENE.

Wife has resolved to be content with the duties of her "sphere," make home pleasant, and always meet her husband with a "joyful smile." Enter husband: Throws his hat on the floor and drops into a seat. Wife preparing tea, looks up with a smile, and is so glad to see him.

WIFE. "Well, my dear, it is so nice to have you here at meal-time." [A long smile.]

HUSBAND. "Yes, I suppose so."

WIFE. "How has your business prospered today?" [Another smile.]

HUSBAND. "About so so."

WIFE. 'Come, my dear, supper is ready; let me draw your chair." [Another smile.]

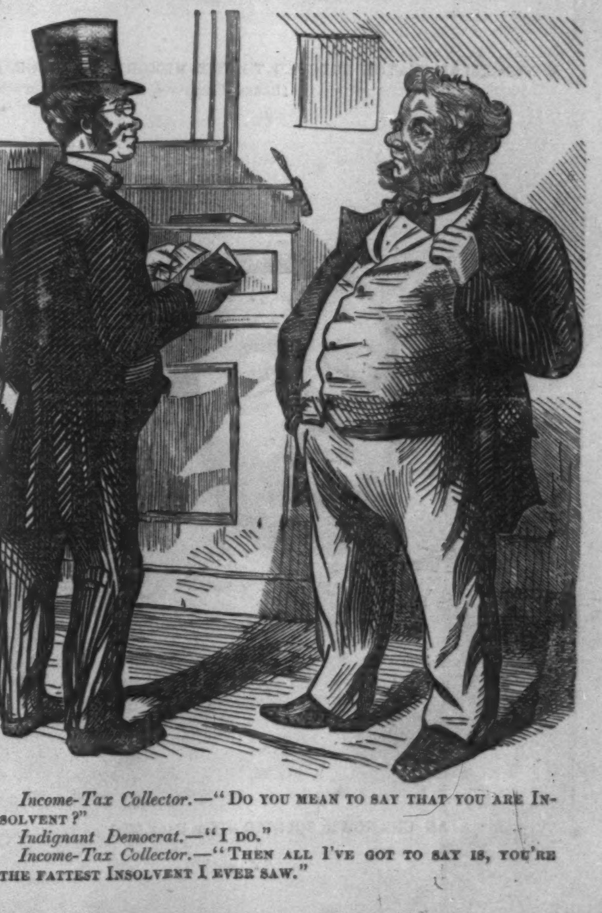
HUSBAND (*gruffly*). "I am too tired to stir.—Wait till I warm my feet."

WIFE. "Do as you choose, my dear." [Another sweet smile.]

HUSBAND. "Look o' here, old woman, before any more fuss is made about it, I should like to know what in thunder you are grinning at?"

During the oppressive heat of last summer a duel would have certainly taken place between two Parisian notables but from the lack of energy arising from the state of the weather.—The cause of the quarrel was novel. "Victor," said Adolphe to his friend, "has insulted me. It can only be wiped out with blood." "Has he run away with your wife?" asked the friend. "No," was the reply; "worse." "Worse!" "Ay! he has, in this tropic July, *sent me a ticket for the theatre!*"

What a name for one of the latest engines of war!—"The Parsons Converted Gun."



Income-Tax Collector.—"DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU ARE INSOLVENT?"

Indignant Democrat.—"I DO."

Income-Tax Collector.—"THEN ALL I'VE GOT TO SAY IS, YOU'RE THE FATTEST INSOLVENT I EVER SAW."

A WIFE'S BLAST AGAINST TOBACCO.

He sits in a corner from morning to night—
'Tis smoke, chew, smoke!
He rises at dawn his pipe to light,
Goes puffing and chewing with all his might,
Till the hour of sleep. 'Tis his delight
To smoke, chew, smoke.'

The quid goes in when the pipe goes out—
'Tis chew, chew, chew;
Now a cloud of smoke goes up from his throat,
Then his mouth sends a constant stream afloat;
'Tis chew, chew, chew.

He sits all day in a smoke or fog—
'Tis puff, puff, puff;
He growls at his wife, the cat, and dog,
He covers with filth the carpet and rug,
And his only answer when I give him a jog
Is puff, puff, puff.

The house all o'er, from end to end,
Is smoke, smoke, smoke;
In whatever room my way I wend,
If I take his clothes to patch and mend,
Ungrateful perfumes will ever ascend,
Of smoke, smoke, smoke.

At home or abroad, afar or near,
'Tis smoke, chew, smoke;
His mouth is stuffed from ear to ear,
Or puffing the stump of a pipe so dear;
And his days will end, I verily fear,
In smoke, smoke, smoke.

CHURNING IN CHILI.—The ordinary mode of churning butter in Chili is to put the milk in a skin—usually a dog's skin—tie it on a donkey, mount a boy on him, with rowels to his spurs about the length of the animal's ears, and then run him four-mile heats.

LAW REPORT.—The next morning the judge of the police court sent for me. I went down and he received me cordially; said he had heard of the wonderful things I had accomplished by knocking down five persons and assaulting six others, and was proud of me. I was a promising young man, and all that. Then he offered a toast: "Guilty or not guilty?" I responded, in a brief but eloquent speech, setting forth the importance of the occasion that had brought us together. After the usual ceremonies, I was requested to lend the city ten dollars.

PEW WHISPERINGS.

MARY ELLEN (*anxiously*). "Betsy Jane, isn't my *chignon* coming off?"

BETSY JANE (*pettishly*). "No. Can't you move a little further? you are creasing my lace flounces."

MARY ELLEN (*moving a little*). "Don't you think Susan Brown looks dreadful homely?"

BETSY JANE. "Was there ev—. Oh! there's Charlie! Isn't he a perfect Adonis! How I *do* wish he would look our way!"

MARY ELLEN (*smiling sweetly*). "Ah! I see him. He's looking toward us."

BETSY JANE (*angrily*). "He isn't looking at *you*, so you needn't act like a fool. The minister's going to pray."

MARY ELLEN. "Those long prayers of his are positively awful, and I sha'n't try to keep awake."

BETSY JANE (*peeping through her fingers at Charlie*). "Go to sleep, dear, I sha'n't disturb you."

"Mr. Brown, you said the defendant was honest and intelligent: what makes you think so; are you acquainted with him?" "No, Sir, I never seed him." "Why, then, do you come to such a conclusion?" "'Cause he takes ten newspapers, and pays for them in advance." Verdict for defendant.

A dandy, wishing to be witty, accosted an old ragman as follows:

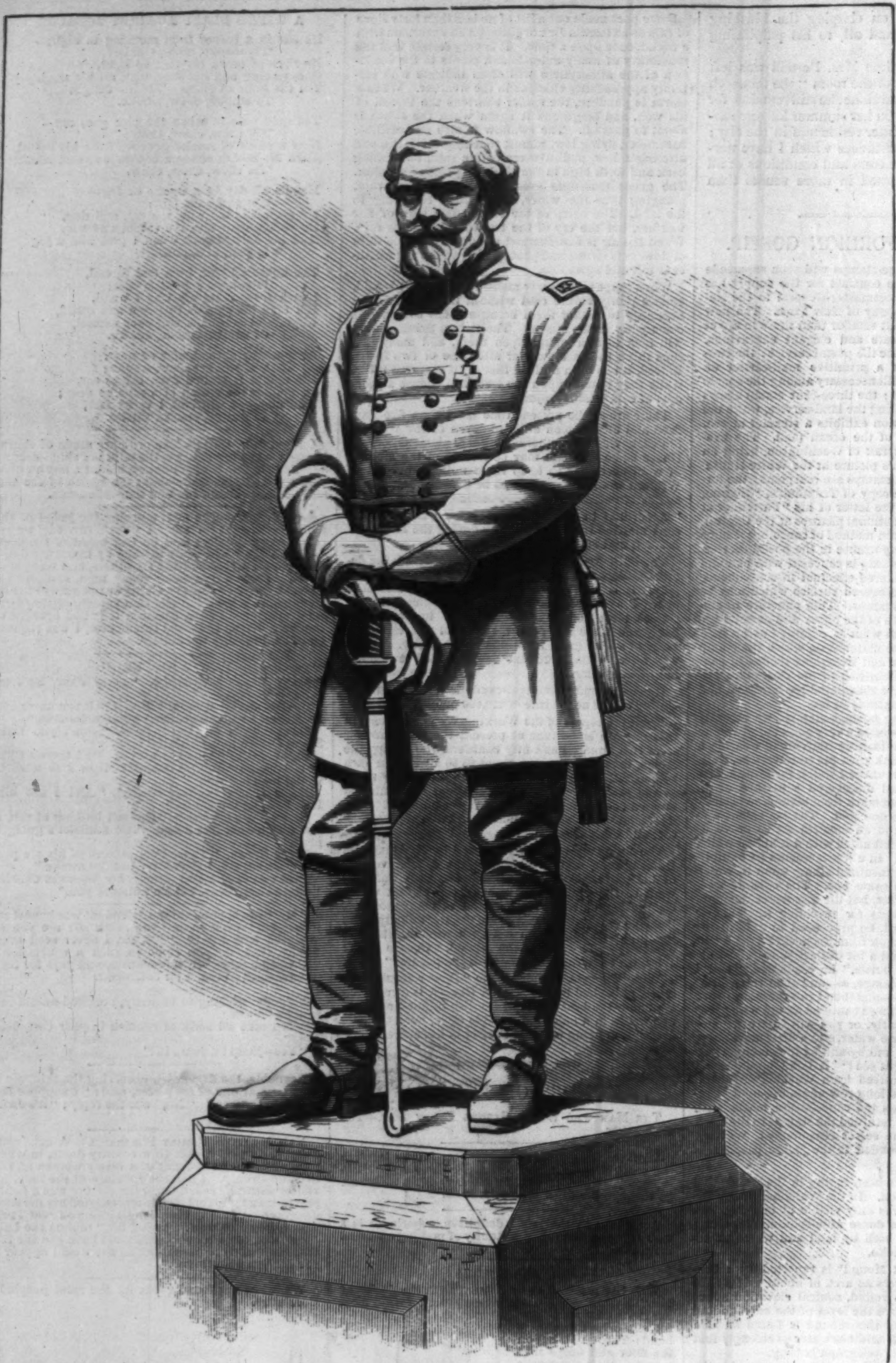
"You take all sorts of rubbish in your cart, don't you?"

"Yes—jump in, jump in!"

Reynolds, the dramatist, observing the thinness of the house at one of his pieces, said: "I suppose it is owing to the war." "No," was the reply; "it's owing to the peace."

NEW IDEA FOR FAMILY PORTRAITS.—A gentleman from Paris paid a visit to a country dame, in whose parlor he saw the portrait of a lovely woman of, say, five-and-twenty. Upon the entrance of the lady, her visitor naturally asked her if the picture was a family portrait, and was told that it represented her deceased daughter. "Has it been long since you lost her?" asked the gentleman. "Alas, Sir," replied the lady, "she died just after her birth, and I have had the portrait painted to represent her as she would appear if she had lived until now."

What bus has found room for the most people?—Columbus.



MONUMENTAL STATUE ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK BY THE SIXTH CORPS.

[Launt Thompson, Sculptor.—Photographed by Rockwood.]

THE SEDGWICK MONUMENT.

A Monument has been erected by the old Sixth Corps to the honor of its illustrious commander, John Sedgwick. The ceremonies incident to the unveiling of the statue will take place at West Point on the 21st instant, on which occasion the commemorative oration is to be delivered by George William Curtis. The Executive Committee consists of the four major-generals of Sedgwick's command. The Monument is located in the plain in front of the Commandant's residence at West Point.

We give an illustration of the bronze statue of General Sedgwick, which is the prominent feature of the Monument, and which was produced by Launt Thompson, one of the most prominent of American artists.

Underneath the statue is the following inscription:

MAJOR-GENERAL

JOHN SEDGWICK,

U. S. Volunteers,

Colonel 4th Cavalry, U. S. Army,

Born September 13, 1814,

Killed in Battle at Spottsylvania, Va.,

May 9, 1864,

While in Command of the 6th Corps,

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE SIXTH ARMY CORPS,

In loving Admiration of its Commander,

DEDICATES THIS STATUE

to his

MEMORY.

A WONDERFUL FISH.

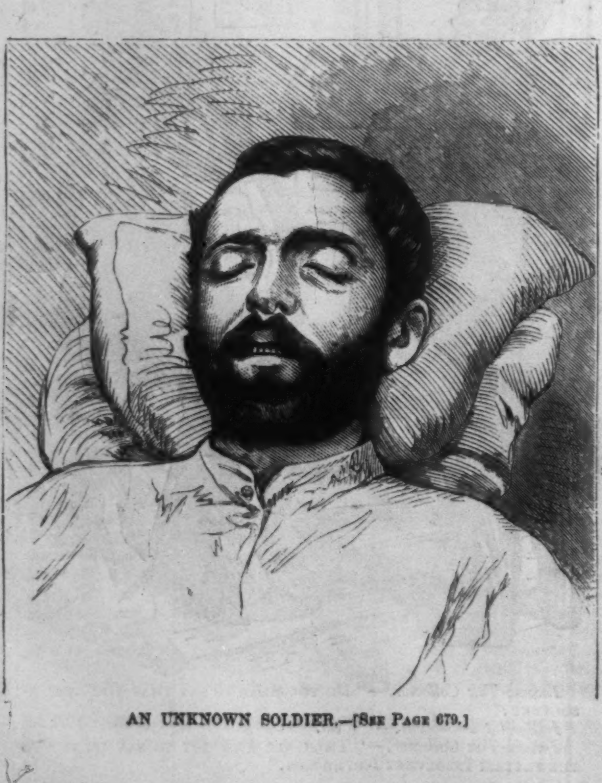
This curiosity of natural history, caught "down East," near Eastport, Maine, a few weeks ago, has attracted so much attention and excited so much wonder, even among naturalists, that we give a representation of it in the accompanying illustration. The Bangor *Daily Whig* gives the following detailed description of this fish:

"The strange animal recently captured near Eastport, meagre reports of which had reached us, arrived in this city a few days ago, and has been on exhibition, during which it has been visited by our citizens, all of whom have expressed their wonder as well at the remarkable size of the monster as at its anomalous character. This animal, part beast and part fish, is over thirty feet in length, and girts twenty-one feet. It has one enormous dorsal fin, two side belly fins, and a broad, shark-like tail. About one-third of its length from its tail, in connection with small fins, it has two huge legs, terminating in web feet. Its mouth makes a line five or six feet in length, the whole extent of which is set with innumerable small teeth, very much resembling in size and shape the kernel of a species of sharp-pointed pop-corn. It has a series of gills which overlap each other like the flounces once the style in ladies' dresses. Its immense body, which was estimated to have weighed when captured about eleven tons, had no frame-work of bones, its most solid portions consisting of cartilage incapable of preservation. Its skin is dark and tough, like that of the elephant and rhinoceros.

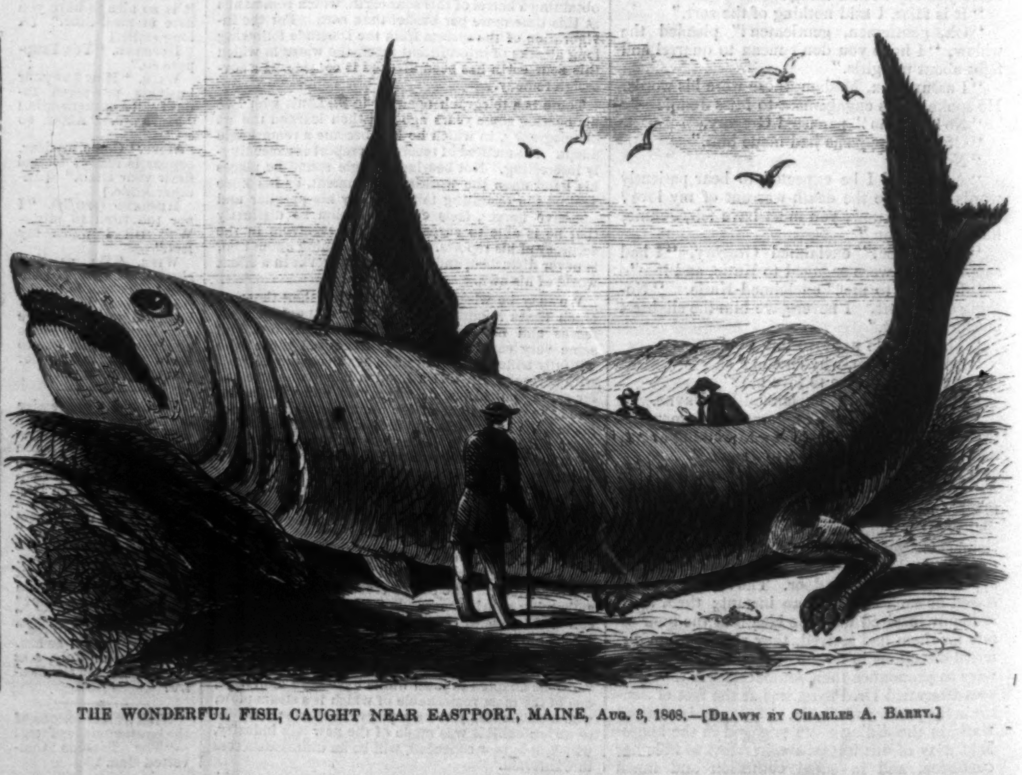
"There is no record of his species, and to none is it a greater wonder than to naturalists, whose attention is being drawn to it. Among others who have had the opportunity of seeing it is Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, who is as yet unable to place it in the known lists of the animal kingdom. It is indeed a veritable wonder calculated to excite popular curiosity, and to invite the researches of the scientific.

"At various times during the past fifteen years a strange monster, believed to be a huge serpent, has been reported seen in Lake Utopia, in New Brunswick, just across the State line; but as these reports in each instance rested upon the testimony of but one or two individuals, they were generally discredited. Latterly, however, the reports and the number of witnesses had so increased as to take the story out of the realm of fiction. On Sunday, August 3, the monster was discovered near the shore on the west side of Eastport Island, where Passamaquoddy Bay is connected with Lake Utopia by a marsh a quarter of a mile long. Being attacked by musketry, it struck for the marsh, and probably for the lake, which was undoubtedly its home, and before being rendered incapable of locomotion, it had worked its way with its fins and legs a number of rods. The report of its presence at once spread to the town, attracting a large number to the spot to aid in its destruction. It received some seventy musket balls, and although attacked in the forenoon, it exhibited signs of life the following day.

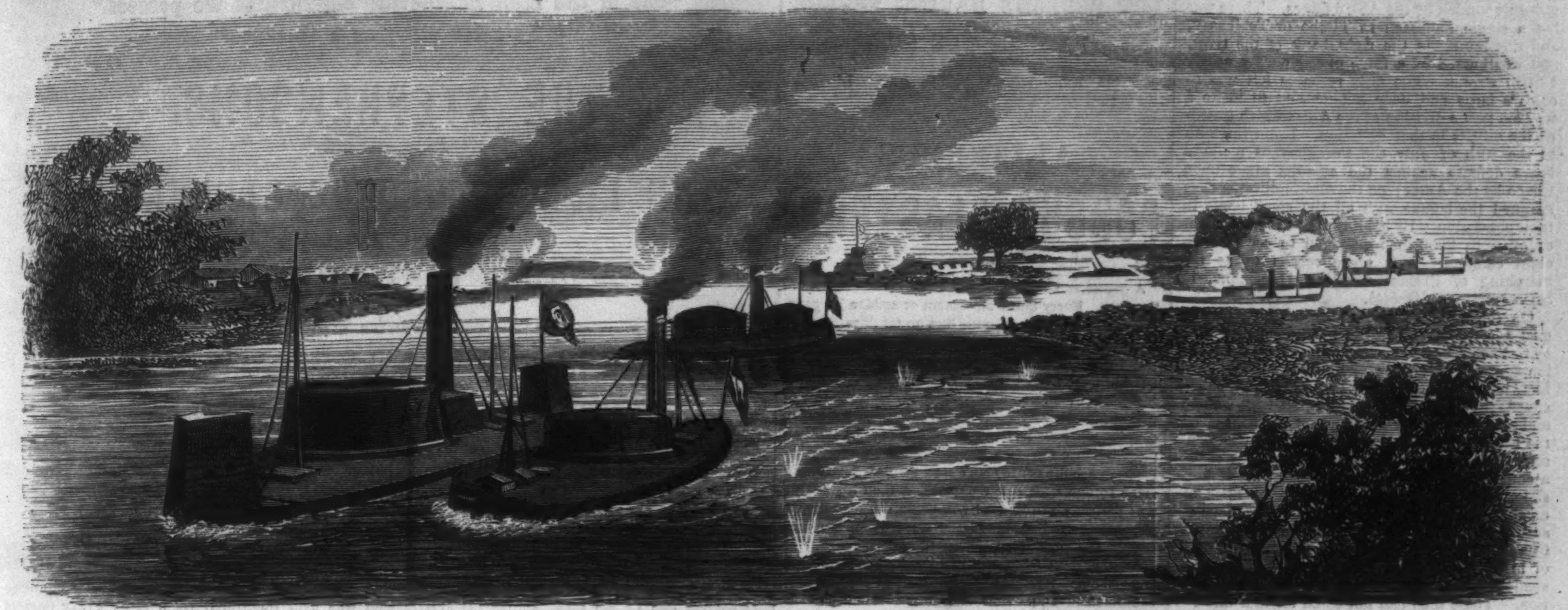
"Thus the northeastern point of our State, with the assistance of New Brunswick, has the honor of producing the nearest approach to a veritable sea-serpent, which is destined to make a popular sensation wherever exhibited. It is to be at Portland during the forthcoming State Fair, and is thence bound for Boston, New York, and other principal cities."



AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER.—[See Page 679.]



THE WONDERFUL FISH, CAUGHT NEAR EASTPORT, MAINE, Aug. 3, 1868.—[Drawn by Charles A. Barry.]

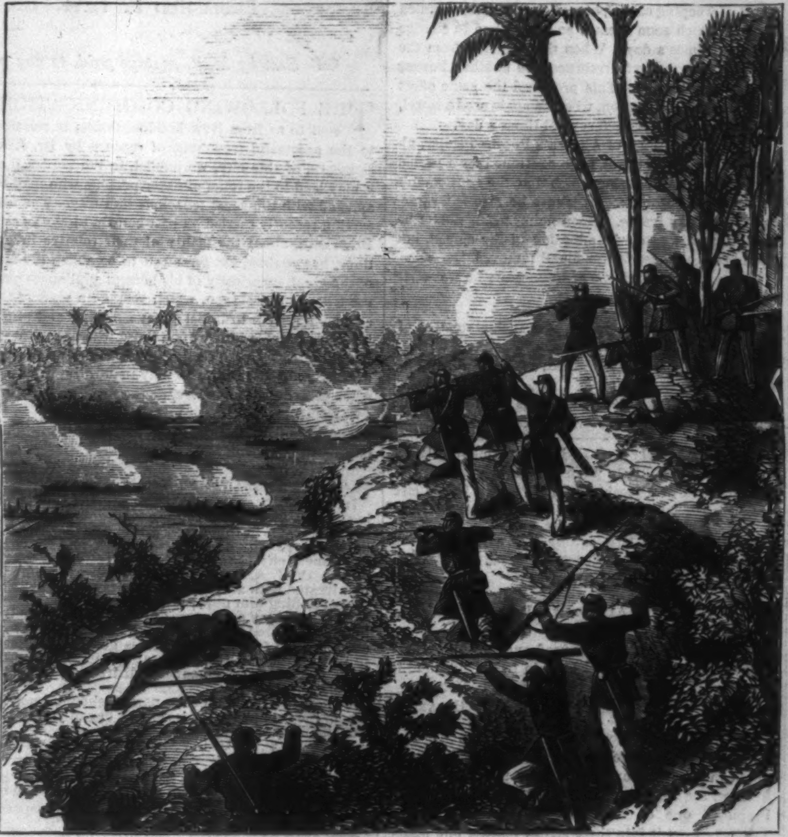


WAR IN PARAGUAY—ADVANCED DIVISION OF THE BRAZILIAN SQUADRON REDUCING THE BATTERIES OF TEBICUARY.

THE WAR IN PARAGUAY.

The events which have recently taken place in La Plata are of great moment in South America. The Allies, as our readers already know, have made themselves masters of Humaita—a fortress which was deemed impregnable. For nearly four years the little republic of Paraguay, with a population of less than one and a half millions, has maintained the war against Brazil, Uruguay, and the Argentine Republic; and we scarcely know which most to admire—the pluck of Lopez and his army, or the perseverance of the Allies. Lopez was the aggressor. Without a declaration of war, near the close of 1864, he seized the Brazilian mail-steamer *Marquez de Olinda*, and invaded the province of Matto Grosso. The Brazilian army, which in time of peace scarcely numbers a thousand men, were from the first at a disadvantage against Lopez with over 40,000; it was recruited by volunteers, but its ignorance of the theatre of operations, its inferior military discipline, and the strength of the positions which it was brought to assail have greatly impeded its progress. Hence the long and indecisive war which is not yet terminated, though apparently nearly accomplished by the capture of Humaita. The capture of this fortress reflects high honor upon Marquis de Caxias, the Brazilian General, who, after the Allied force had been partially demoralized, and after the departure of General Mitre, infused fresh confidence into his dispirited soldiers, and led them on to a victory which seems to prelude a decisive termination of a long and sanguinary conflict.

On the 3d of July, 1867, Caxias established himself at Tuyu-Cue, a splendid position, thus forcing the Paraguayans to abandon their exterior lines at Sam-Solano; and, after two severe struggles at Passo-Ipophy and Estero-Rojas, communications were established with Tuyuty, the base of operations of the Allies. On the 15th of August two divisions of the Brazilian army forced the difficult pass of Curupaity, and the boulevard of Humaita was rendered powerless, being placed between two fires. A little later Potrero-Ovella and Payi fell into the hands of the Allies. Humaita was completely surrounded by land, and only secure on its river front. The occupation of Payi gave the Imperial squadron a port and a *point d'appui*, in the event of its accomplishing the formidable passage of Humaita, which had been thought impossible. But on the 19th of last February six armored ships of the Brazilian navy, taking advantage of a rise in the river Paraguay, ventured upon a bold engagement with the forts; 200 cannon vomited forth fire over their heads while they rapidly glided down above the chains, the palisades, and the murderous torpedoes which grazed their holds. The same day Caxias seized the fort d'Establecimiento. Humaita was now hemmed in on all sides; the Paraguayans in vain conceived the crazy idea of boarding the hostile vessels; 3000 of them, having mounted the gun-boats, found death in an attempt which could only have been suggested by despair.



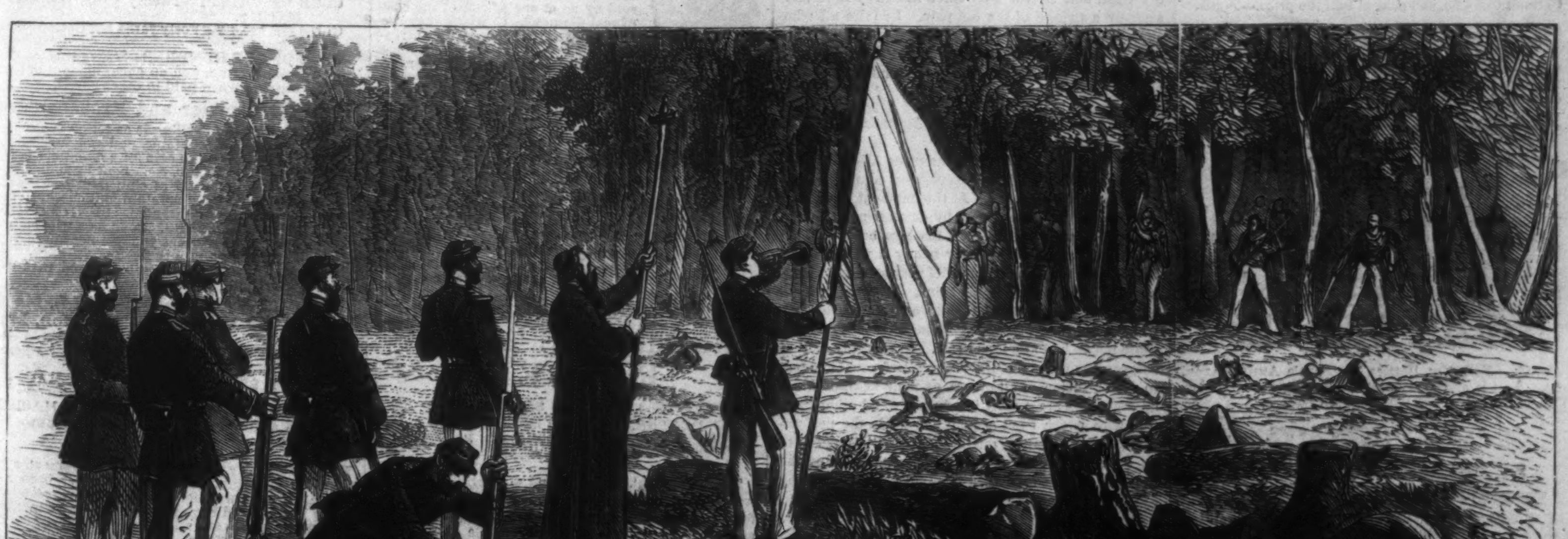
WAR IN PARAGUAY—ENGAGEMENT AT CHACO.

In view of the inevitable fall of Humaita Lopez strove to secure a continuation of the struggle on other battle-fields; he succeeded in crossing the river with his best divisions, which reached the right bank of the Paraguay by the forests of Grand-Chaco, and gained the camp of Tebicuary.

To avoid unnecessary slaughter Caxias desired to render himself master of Humaita by famine rather than by assault, and completed his blockade of the fortress by seizing the position at Chaco, where Lopez had found the means of escape with a portion of his army. A bombardment followed, and many bloody engagements took place without any decisive result. On July 15 the Paraguayans encamped at Chaco vainly attempted to reopen communications with the besieged fortress. Some days later the squadron ascended the river, reached Tebicuary, and bombarded Lopez in his camp at San Fernando.

The evacuation of Humaita was accomplished on the 24th of July. The departure of the garrison escaped the observation of the Brazilian fleet. A considerable quantity of ammunition and arms, together with 200 cannons, fell into the hands of the Allies.

The garrison, about 8000 strong, now encamped in the midst of the morass near Chaco,



WAR IN PARAGUAY—THE REV. FATHER ESMERATA, CHAPLAIN OF THE BRAZILIAN SQUADRON, EXHORTING THE PARAGUAYANS TO SURRENDER.

was surrounded by the Allied forces. There was but a single approach to Timbo or Tebicuary, and this lay along the right bank of the river, and was barred by a force of the enemy nearly 12,000 strong. The only resource left was to cross a large and deep lagune, and to make a way out past a division of the Allies which guarded the outlets in that direction. From the 25th to the 30th of July the Paraguayans made a brave defense against the assaults made upon Chaco by the Allies; on the night following they spanned the lagune with all the small boats in their possession. By holding above them branches of trees 2000 men managed to escape with eight cannon. This scene recalls to us the marching of Birnam wood to Dunsinane, in Shakspeare's *Macbeth*.

On the night of July 31 or morning of August 1 a dozen embarking parties, commanded by Colonel Hermoza, were surprised by a Brazilian fleet of small boats, and after a terrible conflict, in which eight of the embarking parties escaped, the other four, laden in part with women and children, fell into the hands of the Allies, of the 120 soldiers who defended these only 25 consented to surrender, though their wounds made a continuation of the fight on their part impossible. Those still left behind had no hope of escape. Yet they disregarded the summons to surrender. Finally the Rev. Father Esmerate, Chaplain of the Brazilian squadron, at the peril of his life, went to these unfortunates and persuaded them to yield to an honorable capitulation. These men had not eaten for four days.

At the end of the conflict to which we have referred 3000 Paraguayan corpses floated upon the waters by the side of 1000 corpses of the Allies. Such was the result of the nocturnal engagement which followed the evacuation of Humaita.

The illustrations which we give of these events relate to occurrences of a later date than the abandonment of Humaita, and bring our series of sketches of the Paraguayan war down to the latest period of which we have any definite information. Will the war soon terminate, in accordance with the suggestion of the Argentine President, or will Lopez continue it until his soldiers are exterminated?

From a long-established and well-known House.—"We have sold Burnett's Extracts (for cooking purposes) for several years, and believe them equal to any we have had hitherto, and find them gradually growing in the public favor." Acker, Merrall, & Condit, Grocers. New York, *September* 8, 1868.

Joseph Burnett & Co., Sole Proprietors, 592 Broadway, New York; 27 Central Street, Boston.

These Extracts are for sale every where.

110 Lispenard St., N. Y.,
October 13, 1867.

Dear Sir,—It is with much pleasure that I say to you that I consider the Plantation Bitters of untold value. In the fall of 1867 I was taken with Chills and Fever, with the most severe pains in my chest and head. It was with great difficulty that I could breathe. My lungs were greatly distressed, and there was severe pain in my right side, by spells. I could hardly get up from my bed. I called a doctor, who attended me all winter without the least benefit. About the first of August I commenced using your Plantation Bitters—a wine-glass full three times a day—and have used it most of the time since, and I am now well and strong, able to do all my own work and the care of a large family.

Yours, &c., Susan Wilson.

Magnolia Water.—Superior to the best imported German Cologne, and sold at half the price.—*Times.*

Superfluous Hair Removed from any part of the body in *five minutes, without injury to the skin*, by Upham's Depilatory Powder. $1 25 by mail. Address S. C. Upham, 115 South Seventh St., Philadelphia.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR removing FRECKLES, TAN, PIMPLES, and all other blemishes, use Phalon's "Paphian Lotion." Sold by all druggists. Price $1 25 per bottle.

FOR the *Toilet*, *Bath*, and *Nursery*, use Phalon's "Paphian Soap." 25 cts. per cake. Sold by druggists and by PHALON & SON, 517 Broadway, N. Y.

CATARRH

Cured.—Full Pint Bottles Wolcott's Annihilator, $1. Test it and Wolcott's Pain Paint free, at Dr. WOLCOTT'S Office, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

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SELF-MEASUREMENT.
PERFECT FITTING GARMENTS.

FREEMAN & BURR open the season with an immense stock of Superior Goods, both piece and ready-made, Furnishing Goods, &c., for men's and boys' wear, to which they invite the attention of purchasers. By our New Rules for Self-Measurement we insure Perfect-Fitting Garments *to all.* Rules, Price-Lists, and Samples of Goods free by mail on application. FREEMAN & BURR, Clothing Warehouse, 124 Fulton and 90 Nassau Sts., New York.

New Autumn Goods

FOR GENTLEMEN.
ROMAN SCARFS AND TIES,
HOSIERY AND GLOVES,
AT POPULAR PRICES.
UNION ADAMS,
No. 637 Broadway.

LET PERSONS HAVING SEVERE PAIN IN THE SIDE
TAKE NOTICE!
ALLCOCK'S
POROUS PLASTERS.

A gentleman, after a severe sickness, had lesion of the liver. Every quick movement or sudden jar gave him severe pain, often laying him up for days. Hence he was unable to attend any occupation with regularity.

In this condition he applied over the part affected an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER. At first it seemed to irritate, so it was taken off. But the marked improvement he experienced afterward gave him courage to try again, and he therefore applied another plaster. In a few days something gave way—"slipped," to use the gentleman's own words. There was some soreness for a few days after, then his health was perfectly restored. Upon being sounded by his physician, the adhesion or lesion was found to be gone.

Another gentleman who had lived some time in a tropical climate returned to his home in New York a confirmed invalid. He had almost constant pain in his left side, on which he applied an

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER.

After a few days the plaster was fairly washed off by a sort of weeping of the pores of the part. He applied a towel, which soon became so wet he had to change it several times a day. When this weeping from the part stopped, the pain returned; so another Porous Plaster was applied. This produced the same effect as the former application, when he again used a towel, which had to be changed several times a day.

These applications of Allcock's Porous Plaster, alternating with the towel, were continued for a period of several months, during which time the gentleman's health was improving. At length he also felt something give way inside. Upon going to his doctor he found that his case was adhesion of the spleen, but upon being sounded it was found removed.

The anxiety had left his countenance; he was once more a sound man.

Is it any wonder that we receive such statement of sales as the following?

Messrs. SISSON & BUTLER, of Hartford, Conn., write, July 3, 1868:

"We sell more of Allcock's Porous Plasters than all others, and they give universal satisfaction."

Messrs. BALCH & SONS, of Providence, R. I., write, November, 1867: "We have sold over twenty-one thousand of Allcock's Porous Plasters in the last twenty years—the half in the last two years."

JONES & BROTHER, of Sing Sing, say: "We have sold over three thousand dollars' worth of Allcock's Porous Plasters, and mostly at retail."

Allentown, Pa., *April* 4, 1865.

Messrs. T. Allcock & Co.:

Dear Sirs,—My daughter used one of your Porous Plasters. She had a very bad pain in her side, and it cured her in one week.

Yours truly, John V. N. Hunter.

Certificate from A. F. Stirling, Esq.

For two years I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in the head, and found only temporary relief from all the various remedies that I have tried, until I applied one of "ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS." I cut it into three strips, placing one under each shoulder-blade and the other over the small of my back, and for the past three months I have had scarcely a twinge of the old pain. I advise all who suffer from nervous diseases to lose no time in making a trial of the wonderful Plaster. A. F. Sterling,
Sec'y Singer Manufacturing Co.
New York, *June* 8, 1868.

Hartford, Conn., *November* 11, 1864.

Messrs. T. Allcock & Co.:

Please send with dispatch one gross Allcock's Porous Plasters. Our daily experience confirms their very superior excellence. At this moment of writing a man applies for one who, by entanglement in the shaft of machinery, had both his legs broken, spine severely injured, and was for nearly a year entirely helpless. This man found relief very soon by the application of a Plaster to his spine. He was soon enabled to work, and now he labors as well as ever. He would cheerfully pay $5 for a single Plaster, if they could not be had at a lower rate. I am surprised that surgeons do not make use of these Perforated Plasters to the exclusion of all others, as their flexibility and adhesiveness are greatly in advance of all other Plasters with which I am acquainted, while the perforations peculiar to them render them greatly superior to all others for ordinary surgical uses. Knowing the Plasters to be so useful, I have no scruples that my sentiments should be known. J. W. Johnson, M.D.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIAL.
LETTER FROM DR. FULLER, OF PEEKSKILL.

Thomas Allcock & Co.:

Gentlemen,—Since my severe accident I have used as an application to the bruised parts your admirable Plaster.

It has had an excellent effect, soothing while drawing out the soreness, and sustaining and strengthening the part upon which it is applied.

I am, respectfully, yours, E. D. Fuller.
Peekskill, *October* 5, 1868.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are sold by all Druggists and at the Principal Agency, Brandreth House, New York.

THOMAS ALLCOCK & CO.

"One of the most fascinating biographies we possess."
"As interesting as a romance."

THE STEPHENSONS.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON
AND OF HIS SON
ROBERT STEPHENSON;
COMPRISING ALSO
A HISTORY OF THE INVENTION AND INTRODUCTION OF THE RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVE.

By SAMUEL SMILES,
Author of "Self-Help," "The Huguenots," &c.

WITH PORTRAITS AND NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

It is as interesting as a romance—far more instructive than nine-tenths of the best romances. It relates one of the most wonderful stories that was ever imagined, yet a story every part of which is true.—*London Review.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of* $3 00.

THE FOLLOWING COMMUNICATION, sent to us from New London, Conn., in relation to the successful treatment of rupture by Dr. J. A. Sherman, of this city, we publish in the papers that it may lead to the relief of other persons who may be afflicted with this most tenacious infirmity. The discussion recently carried on between Dr. Sherman and Dr. Marsh, about the utility of their relative inventions, has enabled Dr. Sherman to establish the fact of the great superiority of his hernial appliances over the truss of Dr. Marsh, which seems (in view of the arguments used) to inflict great suffering and oftentimes irreparable injury upon those who use it. With the hope solely of directing our readers aright, we earnestly advise those who may require rupture remedies to use Dr. Sherman's, as the most reliable and successful.

The joy of Mr. O'Sullivan is, no doubt, truthfully expressed in his communication:

Sept. 25, 1868.

To the Editor of the New York Herald:

In the month of December last my son was suffering from a bad scrotal rupture, and after trying several physicians in this place, without having been relieved, my wife took him to New York, and Dr. Gray, an eminent physician of that city, directed her to take him to Dr. J. A. Sherman, 697 Broadway, where he was treated with a success that gives me the satisfaction of finding him now radically cured.

I feel such joy as a parent can only feel in finding his child restored to perfect health after suffering from an infirmity of this kind, which is generally believed to be incurable, and which is at all times, under the most favorable circumstances, distressing and dangerous.

Feeling as though every parent should know to whom they could apply for relief, I beg of you to give this publicity through your journal.

T. O'SULLIVAN, New London, Conn.

Alaska Diamonds.

A newly-discovered transparent carbonized quartz, equal in brilliancy to the real diamond, mounted at our own factory, in artistic diamond settings, *guaranteed fine gold*, and sold by us at *one fiftieth* of the cost of real diamonds, to which they are equal in every respect except intrinsic value.

Solitaire Ear-Drops, per pair, $5 and $6; Solitaire Finger Rings, $6 and $10; Solitaire Gents' Bosom Pins, $3, $5, $8, $10, $15, $20; Solitaire Gents' Studs, per set, $3, $5, and $10; Cluster Gents' Bosom Pins, $10 and $12; Gents' Cluster Bosom Pin, with tail, $10; Cluster Pin and Earrings, $10 and $25; Cluster Cross, $6, $10, and $15; Cluster Cross Bosom Pin and Earrings, $20 and $25; Cluster Finger Rings, $5, $8, $10, and $12.

We do our business direct from our factory, located in a city which has a world-wide reputation for its fine jewelry.

☞ Orders less than $5 must be accompanied with a Post-Office Order, and the goods sent free. Orders exceeding that amount by express, for collection on delivery, customers paying all express charges.

TRY US. Address
STANLEY, WHIPPLE, & CO., Providence, R. I.

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Ground Coffee, 20 cents, 25 cents, 30 cents, 35 cents; best, 40 cents per pound.

Hotels, saloons, boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our

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THE COLLINS OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

CASES
OF THE
COLLINS METAL
(Improved Oroide).

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Our superior Oroide Watches having recently been imitated, and worthless Watches sold in New York, Boston, Chicago, and other cities, represented as our Watches, we hereby caution the public against them, and give notice that we are in no way responsible for these bogus concerns, and only those purchasing directly from us can secure a genuine Watch of our manufacture. We have recently greatly improved our Oroide in appearance and durability, and, to protect the public from imposition hereafter, have named it the "COLLINS METAL," and we give notice that any one making use of this name will be prosecuted to the extent of the law.

This metal has all the brilliancy and durability of Gold; can not be distinguished from it by the best judges; retains its color till worn out, and is equal to gold excepting in intrinsic value. All our Gentlemen's Watches are *Full-Jeweled Patent Levers;* those for Ladies an improved Escapement, better than a Lever for a small Watch; all in Hunting-Cases, and fully guaranteed by special certificate. The $15 Watches are equal in neatness, style of finish, general appearance, and for time, to a Gold one costing $150. Those for $20 are of *extra* fine finish, and are fully equal to a Gold Watch costing $200. Chains of every style, from $2 to $6. Also, Jewelry of the Collins Metal in every style.

Goods sent to any part of the United States by express, to be paid for on delivery. Money need not be sent with the order, as bills can be paid when goods are taken from the express office. Customers must pay all express charges. We employ no Agents; orders must therefore be sent directly to us. Customers in the city will remember that our *only Office* is

Nos. 37 and 39 Nassau Street, Opposite the Post-Office (Up Stairs).

C. E. COLLINS & CO.

[From the City Item, Philadelphia.]

The Oroide Watches.—A new metal, closely resembling gold, has been invented, of which watch-cases and watch-chains are made. C. E. Collins & Co., New York, are the manufacturers, and their advertisement will be found in another column. The Oroide Watches are in great demand. From all quarters of the Union, daily, hourly, come orders for one, two, ten, twenty, fifty, and one hundred watches. They are sold for only $15 each, and better time-keepers are not to be found. One of them has been going for a week in this office, and it is perfect in its movements. It looks as handsome, and keeps as good time as a watch costing $150. We advise all who are about to buy a watch to try the Oroide.

[From the La Crosse Republican.]

Oroide Watches.—Out of curiosity, we called when in New York at the Watch Manufactory of Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co., on Nassau Street, and confess our astonishment on being shown their assortment of watches. The cases made of this metal so closely resemble eighteen carat gold that we were puzzled to select a gold one placed amongst them. We should have no hesitation wearing one with full confidence that time would not change its appearance. Every watch is warranted, and the works are perfectly reliable and in all respects equal to a watch costing $150. We have no doubt that when once known in this section, many will be sent for.

[From the Liberal Christian.]

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co., of 37 and 39 Nassau St., are still further improving their beautiful Oroide Watches. These are excellent time-keepers, and for all practical purposes as good as a fine gold hunting-case watch.

[From the New York Independent.]

Our readers have probably observed in our paper the advertisement of C. E. Collins & Co.'s Oroide Watches. These gentlemen are manufacturing a watch which they claim to have good time-keeping qualities, and in case which is ornamental and durable, an almost exact imitation of gold. We have tried one of the watches, and find it a good time-keeper when well regulated. There are a great many persons in all classes of society who can not afford to pay a price of $40 or $60 for a first-class silver watch, nor $125 to $175 for a gold one, yet would like a handsome-looking watch, keeping fair time. The Oroide Watch appears to suit their case exactly.

Citizens of Toronto and the Dominion generally, take notice. We have hundreds of Testimonials, for which, see our advertisements. But you need no further evidence than the following, from one who is well known among you. Here is his proof positive—

Harry Hazelton, the well-known author, says:

"I have always looked upon cheap watches as humbugs and dealers in them as little better than swindlers. At the request of a friend, I have worn for three months the watch he purchased of C. E. Collins, and for which he paid $15. It keeps accurate time, retains its perfect golden appearance, and I can really see no difference between it and my own, which cost five times the amount of the Collins Watch."

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"I have since purchased FIVE of these watches, at the request of friends, and those for whom they were intended are perfectly satisfied. Others are seeking for them, and I fancy that Mr. C. will find some difficulty in supplying the constantly-increasing demand."

☞ The regular price of the watch is $15, and others costing $20. These are superbly finished, and really superior to any article placed upon the market costing five times that sum.

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GENTS' SOLITAIRE PINS, $5, $8, $12, and $15; RINGS, $10 and $14; SEAL RINGS, *Stylish,* $15, $18, and $20; CLUSTER PINS, $5, $8, $10—with tail, $12; CROSS PINS, $8, $12, and $15; STUDS, per Set, $5, $7, and $10.

Orders for less than $10 should be accompanied with P. O. Order or Registered Letter. Exceeding that amount, sent by Express, "C. O. D." A liberal discount to the Trade. Address

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No appetite; no refreshing sleep; no cheerful thoughts; no disposition to labor; no inclination for society; no interest in any thing; no desire to live, even; and yet no specific ailment which can be classed as a positive disease. Thousands, aye, tens of thousands, are in this condition—the martyrs of disabilities to which pathology assigns no technical name.

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meet the case exactly. In this beneficent Tonic are combined all the ingredients necessary to change the condition of the system and bring the dormant organs into healthful action. In the fall of the year, when the night-dews are chill and heavy, and the morning fogs are charged with miasma, the body, debilitated by the heats of summer, is peculiarly susceptible to unwholesome influences. At this season, of all others, therefore, *invigoration* is required, both as a safeguard against fever and ague and other malarious disorders, and as a preparation for the searching cold of winter. Dyspepsia, bilious complaints, nervous disorders, and distressing affections of the bowels are always more or less prevalent in October and November, and the surest and safest means of averting them is a course of this purest, mildest, and most efficacious of all tonics and alteratives.

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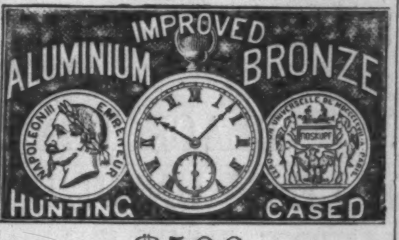

$500.

I will cheerfully give the above amount to any one who can surpass my imitation of Gold Watches. Description of metal and goods sent free on demand.

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JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer, New York.
October 6, 1868.

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